

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

JUNE 26, 1964

THE U.S. & LAOS
In the Jungle of Neutralism

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



GENERAL
KONG LE

VOL. 83 NO. 26

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



GROUP OF LEVERS IN JOURNAL OF THE ARTS

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, June 24

THE DANNY KAYE SHOW (CBS, 10-11 p.m.).* Guests: Mary Tyler Moore and Eddie Foy Jr. Repeat.

Friday, June 26

BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEATER (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.), Jason Robards Jr. in *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. Repeat.

Saturday, June 27

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The Dublin Horse Show and the National A.A.U. Track and Field championships.

THE DEFENDERS (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). "The Uncivil War," a divorce action in New York State, with William Shatner and Diana van der Vlis. Repeat.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11:27 p.m.). *Last for Life*, M.G.M.'s 1956 biography of Vincent Van Gogh, with Kirk Douglas as Van Gogh and Anthony Quinn as Gauguin. Color.

ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL GAME (ABC, 9:30-conclusion). East meets West in this match between 60 top college players who graduated this year. Held in Buffalo.

Sunday, June 28

DISCOVERY (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). Part 2 of a tour of historic Greenfield Village in Dearborn, Mich., restored to what it was like 100 years ago.

MEET THE PRESS (NBC, 6-6:30 p.m.). An interview, via Telstar, with French Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville.

WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Disney creations at the World's Fair, featuring the delightful UNICEF exhibit. Repeat.

DU PONT SHOW OF THE WEEK (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). *Flight Deck*, a documentary on the hazardous job of the flight-deck crew aboard the aircraft carrier *Franklin D. Roosevelt*.

Monday, June 29

HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Part 2 of "The Funny Men," featuring old film clips of Fred Allen, W. C. Fields, Will Rogers, Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Laurel and Hardy, the Marx Brothers, and so on. Repeat.

Tuesday, June 30

TEXACO STAR PARADE (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). The second of Meredith Willson's musical variety specials, this one features Debbie Reynolds introducing highlights from her forthcoming film version of Willson's *The Unsinkable Molly Brown*.

THEATER

On Broadway

THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES, but the theme is thorns in this perceptive new play by Frank D. Gilroy about the barbed blood-letting that drains people who live within the closeness of the family without being close. The playwright could not have dreamed of a better cast than Irene Dailey, Jack Albertson and Martin Sheen.

HAMLET is played by Richard Burton as Hamlet wanted to be—the self-assured

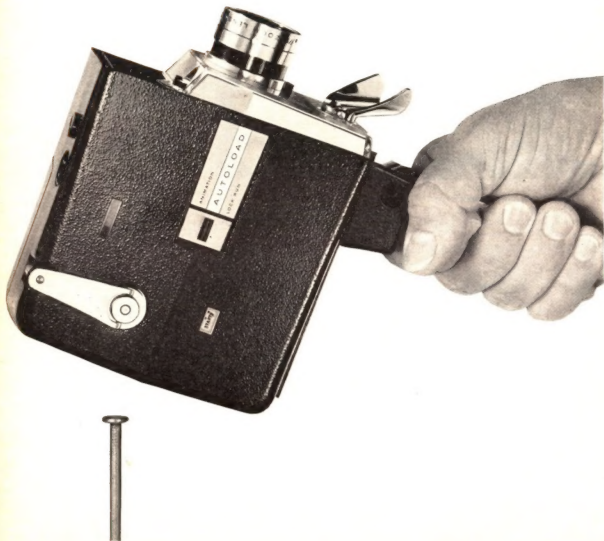
* All times E.D.T.

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

ruler of his fortunes, and never the tormented prey of a tragic destiny. It is a portrayal alight with intelligence, but rarely aflame with feeling.

FUNNY GIRL, based on the life of Fanny Brice, is an entertaining excuse—if any is needed—to see an exciting new Broadway star who is far more than an entertainer, Barbra Streisand.

HIGH SPIRITS. Bea Lillie and Tammy Grimes are probably creatures of their own imaginations, since not even Author Noel Coward could quite conceive such zany stage sprites.

ANY WEDNESDAY. Sandy Dennis plays a kept doll with an unkempt sense of humor that leads to precious little love-making but does produce an unreasonable amount of fun-making.

DYLAN is another acting triumph for Alec Guinness, as he bodices forth the poetic fire, the playful wit, the alcoholic antics and the fierce urge to self-destruction that constituted the life and legend of Dylan Thomas.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK turns a six-light walkup into a cascade of laughs about young love in Manhattan.

Off Broadway

THE KNACK is a fantastically droll British bedroom farce played out in an all-but-bare room. If one can imagine three perplexed and, at times, almost pathetic Marx Brothers chasing a plump country girl, with the cry of "Rape!" punctuating the air like "Tallyho!" one gets a glimmer of Playwright Ann Jellicoe's comic instincts.

DUTCHMAN. A sex-teaser white girl lures and then tongue-lashes a sedate Negro in a subway car until he turns on her with a venomous tirade of racial hate. Playwright LeRoi Jones aims to terrify, and between stations he succeeds.

THE TROJAN WOMEN. This tragic masterpiece by Euripides is 2,400 years old, but in its current superb production, it is the most profoundly alive drama to be found in New York.

RECORDS

Chamber Music

AN EVENING OF ELIZABETHAN MUSIC (RCA Victor). Nineteen short pieces, called "broken music" in Shakespeare's time because they were performed during a play or between the acts. This recently rediscovered 16th century pop music was and is played by a six-man consort: violin, flute, bass viol and lute with a rhythm section of pandora and cittern. Impeccably recorded by the Julian Bream Consort, with lute solos by Virtuoso Bream.

BEETHOVEN: STRING QUARTETS VOL. III (Deutsche Grammophon: 4 LPs). The distinguished London-based Amadeus Quartet concludes its Beethoven cycle with these six works. Perhaps the most-admired chamber music ever written, they include *Quartets 12* over 16 plus the thorny, abandoned original finale of *No. 13*, known as the *Great Fugue*. The Amadeus plays with virtuosity and feeling, but its recordings have to compete with those of the venerable Budapest String Quartet (Columbia). The Budapest has a mellower tone and a more flowing and integrated style. The dialogue of the Amadeus is outspoken; sometimes it is more gripping, but occasionally they lose the thread.

BRAMHMS: SONATAS FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO, NOS. 1 AND 3 (Columbia). Isaac Stern

pours out the lavish, songlike melodies of the first ("Rain") sonata with unparalleled richness and sweetness of tone, and in *Sonata No. 3* adds the flashes of brilliance.

WILLIAM SYDEMAN: MUSIC FOR FLUTE, GUITAR, VIOLA, AND PERCUSSION (Composers Recordings Inc.) is one of Syde-man's 30 chamber works, all scored for unorthodox instrumental combinations. Composed in 1962, it has a chattering, fragmented, but pleasant quality, and a muted sound, as though the quintet (including two percussionists) from the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble were playing it under water.

SHOSTAKOVICH: QUARTETS 4 AND 8 (Mercury). Shostakovich's late chamber works are better than his late symphonies. The eighth quartet, a secular requiem for the victims of Fascism, was written in 1960 and is daringly monochromatic: three of the five movements are largo, and the often-repeated main theme changes only from a moan into a sigh. Even the joyful sections seem to shift into a remembrance of gaiety long past. A subtle performance by the Borodin String Quartet, which the U.S.S.R. will send on a first visit to the U.S. in October.

CINEMA

THAT MAN FROM RIO. In a hilarious parody of Hollywood adventure movies, French Director Philippe de Broca fires clichés at the screen like soggy old lemons, with Hero Jean-Paul Belmondo panting through many a tight squeeze.

NOTHING BUT THE BEST. A ne'er-do-well aristocrat (Denholm Elliott) tutors an ambitious junior clerk (Alan Bates) who yearns for Establishment status in Director Clive Donner's black comedy about hoary old England.

THE ORGANIZER. Marcello Mastroianni is perfect as a scrappily 19th century revolutionary in this timeless, beautifully photographed, warmly human drama about workers who strike against sweatshop living in a Turin textile mill.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW. Sophia Loren separates the men from the boys in three racy Italian fables directed with gusto by Vittorio De Sica. All three men are Marcello Mastroianni.

BECKET. England's 12th century Archbishop of Canterbury (Richard Burton) dares the wrath of his onetime friend King Henry II (Peter O'Toole) in an eye- and ear-filling spectacle based on Jean Anouilh's drama.

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE. In a sly spoof of Ian Fleming's thriller formula, Secret Agent 007 (Sean Connery) is lured to Istanbul for hand-to-hand combat with hired assassins and a high-proof blonde.

THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT introduces Tippy Walker and Merrie Spauth as a pair of teen-age metrognomes who liven up New York in pursuit of Concert Pianist Peter Sellers, their favorite celebrity.

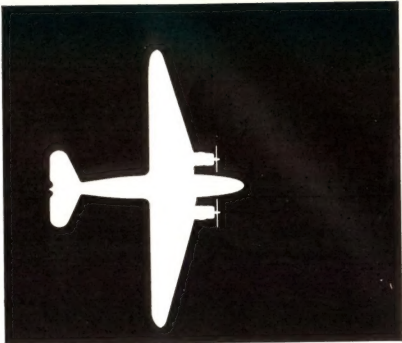
THE SILENCE. Two women and a child travel to a seemingly godforsaken city that is the geographical center of this dark, brooding allegory directed with breath-taking virtuosity by Ingmar Bergman.

BOOKS

Best Reading

TO AN EARLY GRAVE, by Wallace Markfield. A funny, unpretentious novel about a small clutch of men who make their living in Greenwich Village by being "intellectual." Author Markfield has clearly

TIME, JUNE 26, 1964



Do you suppose this is what Wilbur and Orville had in mind?

Ask most any pilot: which airplane comes nearest to the very idea of a plane? More likely than not, he'll answer: the DC-3.

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read his Joyce very closely, but his style is lighter and his wit strictly 1964.

LES NUITS DE PARIS, by Nicolas-Edme Restif de la Bretonne. Restif may be somewhat of a comedown from the great court gossip, Saint-Simon, but he set down the life in Paris just before the Revolution vividly and prophetically, and thus produced, without his aristocratic brain ever knowing it, an indelible picture of an 18th-century slum.

THE SCARPER, by Brendan Behan. To "scarper" in Irish is to escape, and Behan runs off with some Dublin weirdos glorifying their past and dreaming their future. This short novel is vintage Behan (1953), when the mercurial writer wrote his best, ebullient prose.

THE INCONGRUOUS SPY, by John Le Carré. The bestselling author's first two books have been reissued in one volume. Both are good, but admirers of *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold* will be especially drawn to *A Murder for Quality*, which has its own suspenseful plot but at the same time reads like a first draft for *Spy*—characters, Cold and all.

A MOVEABLE FEAST, by Ernest Hemingway. The Nobel-prizewinning author wrote this memoir of his lean years in the Paris of the '20s when he was in his 50s, rich, famous but passé. *Feast* reveals Hemingway's deadly, deadpan sense of humor, his lingering romanticism, but most of all, the degree to which he fooled himself.

RAINER MARIA RILKE, THE YEARS IN SWITZERLAND, by J. R. von Salis. From an eventless life spent alone, Rilke drew lyric and contemplative poems that have made him a source of modern thought as well as modern poetry. Von Salis retraces what he can find of Rilke's life, and describes the few people (all women) who influenced it.

JULIAN, by Gore Vidal. In A.D. 361, Roman Emperor Julian the Apostate took an 18-month back step to the Hellenic gods, using all his imperial power to destroy Christianity. In this ingenious historical novel, Gore Vidal brings wit and urbanity to his subject, but does not quite capture the spirit or the rounded personality of his elegant hero.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*, Le Carré (1 last week)
2. *Convention*, Knebel and Bailey (2)
3. *The Night in Lisbon*, Remarque (4)
4. *The Spire*, Golding (3)
5. *Condy*, Southern and Hoffenberg (6)
6. *The Group*, McCarthy (5)
7. *The Wapshot Scandal*, Cheever (8)
8. *The Martyred*, Kim (10)
9. *Von Ryan's Express*, Westheimer (7)
10. *Julian*, Vidal

NONFICTION

1. *A Moveable Feast*, Hemingway (1)
2. *Four Days*, U.P.I. and American Heritage (2)
3. *Diplomat Among Warriors*, Murphy (3)
4. *A Day in the Life of President Kennedy*, Bishop (4)
5. *The Green Felt Jungle*, Reid and Demaris (6)
6. *The Naked Society*, Packard (5)
7. *In His Own Write*, Lennon (7)
8. *Profiles in Courage*, Kennedy (8)
9. *My Years with General Motors*, Sloan (10)
10. *The Du Ponts of Delaware*, Carr

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Tankers load quicker...



Casuals are more carefree...



Space probes are surer...

WHY?... because FMC bright-dip chemicals impart lasting brilliance to aluminum auto components; because FMC's *Chiksan* marine loading systems quickly and safely handle ship-to-shore transfer of liquid cargo; because sun-loving fabrics with *Avril** rayon are gay, comfortable, and lasting; and because FMC's *Dimazine** liquid fuel provides dependable, restartable power for rocket engines of the Agena space exploration vehicle. These are FMC ideas at work...ideas that benefit nearly everyone in some way every day.

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LETTERS

Three Weeks Before San Francisco

Sir: Scranton's drive for the Republican presidential nomination may be a bit too late in the game. However, I feel that Scranton would make an ideal standard-bearer at a time when the Republicans need someone to unify their party if they are to defeat Johnson in November.

PAUL F. LLOYD

Herwinton, Conn.

Sir: Governor Scranton's decision to run for President would be humorous if it did not come at this time. All that he can do now is embarrass himself and his party, and because of his public exposure, bar himself from any future consideration by the party leadership.

CHARLES M. LYONS III

Boston

Sir: The great tradition of the Republican Party is one generally of progressive moderation, and it is in this tradition that Scranton stands.

J. T. MOORE

Winfield, Kans.

Sir: It begins to appear that the uncommitted delegate to the Republican Convention will have one of three choices: Governor Scranton, whom the majority of delegates don't want; Senator Goldwater, whom the majority of the voters don't want; and Richard Nixon, whom nobody wants.

CHARLES L. SHANK, D.D.S.

Harrisonburg, Va.

Sir: The hare and the tortoise should give more thought to running as a team. With Goldwater willing to send in the Marines after two minutes of careful deliberation and Scranton willing to consider every decision for a year or so, the G.O.P. would have a balanced ticket.

KATY MCCLANAHAN

Wichita, Kans.

Sir: Ike has been my idol from as far back as I can remember. But his failure to say which candidate he favors, even if it's that nut Goldwater, has made Ike look like a senile old Milquetoast.

LORRINE LANSER

Filthorn, Wis.

Sir: Your superb cover story on Senator Barry Goldwater [June 12] is one of the most precise and up-to-date articles I have yet to read. I am very glad to see, for once, the true interpretations of his standings on national and world affairs.

MARK J. HETTEL

Monroeville, Ohio

Sir: At least one small part of the vast journalistic empire sees Goldwater as a man—not a monster; with normal dedicated followers—not lunatics; as a staunch Republican who really believes what he preaches—not a showman out to impress the press; and finally, as an honest, but perhaps too frank, gentleman who has been mercilessly treated by the mass media.

CAROL PEACE

Freeport, N.Y.

Sir: There are thousands of supporters of Senator Goldwater who are not extremists, who don't belong to the John Birch Society, who are "responsible" Republicans, who are for the betterment of our country, and who are not trigger-happy

imbeciles—contrary to what the "superior" Republicans and Democrats emit from their opinionated and twisted heads and tongues.

TERRY GATES

San Francisco

Sir: I'm a Democrat, and I am voting—if I get a chance—for Barry. It looks like the internationalists and New Dealers are scared someone might stop the big spending. It would be wonderful if we could get a "pro-American" for a change as President.

MRS. M. L. GRANDEUR

Great Bend, Kans.

Sir: For 30 years the lily-livered liberals have had their way in the Republican Party. We conservatives have supported them. Now we have won a victory and now these poor-sport boobies have their lips hanging clear to the ground. Is there any reason, after 30 years, why the conservatives shouldn't be given an opportunity to see what they can do?

SHIRLEY J. WEIDIG

Costa Mesa, Calif.

Sir: I'm embarrassed! I am a Republican and a Californian. I *whisper*, hoping no one will hear! To think that a man like Goldwater could be elected in our California primary and headed for the nomination is almost more than I can take.

MRS. G. POST

Pasadena, Calif.

Sir: After the California primary, Governors' convention, Ike's statement and your cover story, I've just one question: What does a moderate Republican with strong civil rights beliefs do next November? Now I know what "the man without a country" felt like—completely lost.

LUCY A. WARD

Lockport, Ill.

Sir: Republican attempts to influence Goldwater "toward mainstream positions" amount to a hypocritical sham unprecedented in American political history. It would be far more responsible and honest for the G.O.P. to nominate a nonextremist, 20th century-thinking person in July.

FRANK L. HAYNES JR.

The Bronx, N.Y.

Sir: If Barry Goldwater gets the Republican nomination, I shall be forced to return to my old Christian frame of reference and choose the lesser of two evils. That choice will be Lyndon—the lesser.

MRS. JOE FRED SOMERVILLE

Norman, Okla.

Sir: As a Democrat, I hope Senator Goldwater emerges as the victor of the July convention; no better way could be found to ensure a Republican defeat in November, at both the national and local levels. As an American hoping that voters will have a choice between two competent candidates, however, I can only be for Governor Scranton.

RONALD P. WOLFE

Peoria, Ill.

Sir: Who really won the California primary? L.B.J., of course.

FREEMAN FRANK

Melrose, Mass.

Rights, Fights & Fears

Sir: Senator Dirksen not only laboriously represents his state of Illinois, but represents a proud figure of the nation in legislative strength. That was a most excellent portrait and a fine article [June 19] depicting one of America's most famous and beloved Senators.

(MRS.) FAITH HAKALA

New York City

Sir: Although I am a firm believer in civil rights, I venture to suggest that unless New York's Negro minority is taught to live in fear, New York's white majority will continue to live in terror.

DAVID W. SIFTON

2nd Lieutenant, U.S.A.F.

Patrick A.F.B., Fla.

Sir: If the so-called civil rights bill is passed, we shall be forced to live in a police state identical to Communist countries, where people are forced to accept the friendship and love of people they do not want. Where will be the freedom of the individual, for which we are screaming all over the world? I salute Governor Wallace, Goldwater, and any other person who is against the bill of privileges.

OLGA BARANCEWICZ

Brooklyn

Sir: Re Goldwater's vote against cloture and the civil rights bill: is it not time to dust off a few campaign slogans for the white knight? How about the Civil War Copperhead appeal: "The Constitution as it is, the Union as it was, and the Negroes where they are."

R. B. TYRRELL

Anaheim, Calif.

Sir: Upon reading the "Cloture Roll Call," and being an absentee Colorado voter, I was amazed to find a Colorado Senator listed in the "uncommitted" column. This triggered a blunt airmail letter from me to him. I imagine that I was not

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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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TIME, JUNE 26, 1964

At the airport in Vientiane, Correspondent Frank McCulloch watched a young Laotian in dungarees servicing a small aircraft. The youth drained fuel from the plane into an open bucket, carried the pail into a shed where 500-lb. bombs, rockets and machine-gun ammunition were stored, picked up a tool box and sauntered back to the airplane. Only then did he throw away the cigarette he had been smoking all the while.

Watching such vignettes in the Southeast Asian powder keg last week, Hong Kong Bureau Chief Mc-Culloch mused that "covering Laos is like being Alice in Wonderland—sur-realistic, exasperating, frequently incomprehensible but often utterly delightful." A lunch with the cover subject, General Kong Le, in his headquarters village of Vang Vieng was a study in the country's need as well as its plenty. It was served on a table covered by a red checked tablecloth "with so many holes in it that it must have been riddled by a shotgun." But no one needed to go away hungry from the meal—bamboo sprouts, large bowls of glutinous rice, tiny cubes of dried smoked water buffalo, eggs fried with garlic, cucumbers, oranges and pineapple. After flying low across the embattled countryside with Kong Le, McCulloch wrote "Laos is one of the loveliest lands on earth, and it is a bitter travesty that

such a land and the gentle people who inhabit it should be caught up in a war they are ill prepared to fight but cannot be allowed to lose."

With McCulloch's firsthand reporting, supported by backgrounding from the rest of the Hong Kong staff and the Washington bureau, the cover story written by Robert Jones and edited by Henry Grunwald throws the sharpest light yet on the plight and possibilities of Laos and the U.S. in the jungle of neutralism.

OF all the stories in this week's issue that called for reporting from a wide array of sources, none came from a wider net than the WORLD BUSINESS story "Doctors of Development." Work on this report of the activities and powers of economists around the world was begun some three weeks ago, involved 35 interviews by correspondents in 15 countries. One of the economists who was a source for the story was Holland's Jan Tinbergen, who had never before granted an interview to the press. When TIME's correspondent was leaving after their talk, the economist said: "If you really are going to have an article in TIME, please mention my wife. Her name is Time de Wit. She has supported me enormously. She is a great woman. I would love to see that in print somewhere." There it is, Dr. Tinbergen.

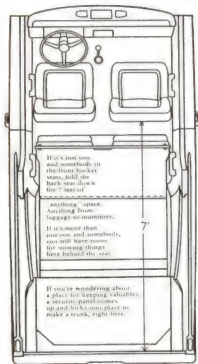


INDEX

	Cover Story.....	24			
Art.....	66	Medicine.....	54	Religion.....	52
Books.....	94	Milestones.....	76	Science.....	63
Cinema.....	91	Modern Living.....	74	Sport.....	44
Education.....	59	Music.....	69	Time Listings.....	2
The Hemisphere.....	35	The Nation.....	17	U.S. Business.....	79
The Law.....	43	People.....	38	The World.....	24
Letters.....	9	Press.....	46	World Business.....	86



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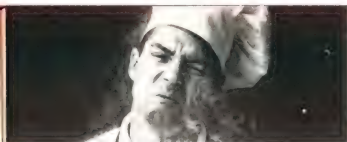


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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

June 26, 1964

Vol. 83, No. 26

THE NATION

THE CONGRESS

The Final Vote

On June 19, 1963, President John Kennedy sent to Congress a civil rights bill, urged its speedy passage "not merely for reasons of economic efficiency, world diplomacy or domestic tranquility, but above all because it is right." Last week, a year later to the very day, the U.S. Senate by a vote of 73-27 passed that bill—considerably changed and strengthened.

The bill's opponents died hard. They brought up amendment after amendment, not in any expectation that the changes would be adopted, but rather as a time-consuming effort to delay the moment of truth. In one day, the Senate had 34 roll calls, an alltime record. Such was the pace that at one point a pro-civil rights Senator rushed onto the floor, heard his name called, shouted "nay," then turned to a colleague and asked just what it was he had voted against. In all, 115 amendments were voted on between cloture and the final vote, and only one of any great substance was approved. That was the package written by Republican Leader Everett Dirksen and approved by Democratic Senate and Administration leaders.

All About Mammy. Under the terms of cloture, voted the week before, each Senator was limited to a total of one hour of speechmaking on all motions. Thus the day before the final vote, Georgia Democrat Richard Russell, leader of the filibustering forces, ran out of time, was ordered to sit down. He did so, with tears in his eyes: "We have fought the good fight until we were overwhelmed and gagged."

But even with Russell out of action, the bitter battle continued. Just a few hours before the vote, Louisiana Democrat Russell Long, in one of those some-of-my-best-friends-are-Negroes statements, recalled how he had been reared by a "Negro mammy." The phrase enraged Rhode Island Democrat John Pastore. "We don't just want to protect your mammy," he said. "We want to protect everybody's mammy. We want to fix it so that a Negro woman can go into a drugstore and get a glass of water when she is thirsty. That's what this bill is about."

At that point, Florida Democrat George Smathers got into the act, shouting at Pastore: "Not one word does the

Senator from Rhode Island know what he is talking about! She could go into any drugstore and get a drink of water." Moreover, Smathers continued, there is discrimination in the North as well as the South, so Pastore had no right "to get so holy and mighty about this." Retorted Pastore: "Well, if you have no

is anticipated in reconciling the Senate and House versions. That done, it is expected that President Johnson will ceremoniously sign the bill into law on or about the Fourth of July. The bill's voting guarantees must wait for an election before being fully tested. The ban on discrimination in employment and



POLICEMAN LEAPING INTO ST. AUGUSTINE POOL
An indication of what the summer may hold.

segregation and discrimination, then you don't need to worry about this bill."

In their final, last-gasp effort, the Southern segregationists made a motion that could have required the Senate clerk to read the record of the entire 68-day "legislative day" since formal debate on the bill began—some 6,000,000 words in all. The motion was defeated, 73 to 18, and at long last it was time for the historic vote.

Acid in the Pool. In the showdown, 46 Democrats voted for the bill, while 21 voted against it. Twenty-seven Republicans voted aye, while only six said no. In addition to Barry Goldwater (see following story), the dissident Republicans were New Hampshire's Norris Cotton, Iowa's Bourke Hickenlooper, New Mexico's Edwin Mechem, Wyoming's Milward Simpson and Texas' John Tower.

Although the civil rights bill must next go to the House, little difficulty or delay

labor unions does not become effective for a year. But effective immediately, and likely to cause the fastest fireworks, is the wide-ranging public accommodations section.

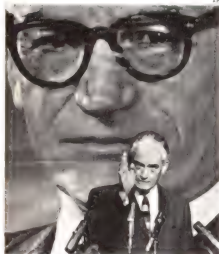
Civil rights leaders were yearning to start testing that section. And even as the final Senate vote approached, there was an indication in St. Augustine, Fla., of what the summer might hold.

There, five Negroes and two white fellow demonstrators dived into the swimming pool at the segregated Monson Motor Lodge. The motel manager, furious, grabbed two jugs of muriatic acid, a cleansing agent, tried unsuccessfully to splash the stuff on the swimmers. Cops moved in, one of them stripped off his shoes and socks, leaped gracefully into the water and pummeled the swimmers with his fists. When the fracas was over, 34 people, including the swimmers and other civil rights who kept dry, were hauled off to jail.

One Man's Stand

Rarely has one man's vote been watched so closely as Barry Goldwater's on the civil rights bill. He had thought about it long and hard. "I really wanted to be able to vote for the bill," he told a newsman. "This week I've asked every lawyer friend I know to show me some constitutional justification for it. The answer is always: 'All you can say is that you feel a majority of the people are for it, and so you're going to vote for it on that basis.' But that's not enough. I just can't go along with just that."

Goldwater had consistently sided with Democratic segregationists in their proposed amendments to the measure. Now he had decided to vote against



GOLDWATER IN DALLAS

"Let me be judged in this..."

the bill itself. But first he had to explain his stand in a Senate speech.

Police State? Reading rapidly and tonelessly, Goldwater declared that he had always been "unalterably opposed to discrimination." But he insisted that the real remedy lay in the good will in the human heart. The legislation that reached the Senate after passage in the House, he said, was produced by "sledgehammer political tactics." He had hoped that it would be modified by "what was once considered to be the greatest deliberative body on earth." But it was apparent "that emotion and political pressure, not persuasion, not common sense, not deliberation, had become the rule of the day and of the processes of this great body." The Senate, he charged, had ignored the Constitution and "the fundamental concepts of our governmental system. My basic objection to this measure is, therefore, constitutional."

Goldwater was bitter about the bill's public accommodations and fair employment provisions. These, he warned, would require the creation of a federal police force of mammoth proportions, would result in a "police state" and

an "informer" psychology—"neighbors spying on neighbors, workers spying on workers, businessmen spying on businessmen, where those who would harass their fellow citizens for selfish and narrow purposes will have ample inducement to do so."

"The Real Concern." Even Goldwater's harshest critics agreed that he was taking his stand on the basis of conviction, letting the political chips fall where they might. But his vote did demonstrate dramatically just how far he is removed from the mainstream of U.S. and Republican Party thinking.

The civil rights bill was, after all, the product of national demand in the light of the Negro revolution of 1963 and '64. Republican platforms and declarations of principle have long been strong for civil rights. In the House of Representatives, Republican Leader Charles Halleck had gone down the line for the bill, and 138 out of 172 voting Republicans approved it. In the Senate, G.O.P. Leader Dirksen was the main architect of amending the bill into its final form, and Barry was one of a mere six Republican Senators who finally voted against it.

Goldwater was, of course, aware of all this, but he felt that in good conscience he had no choice. Concluded he in his justification speech: "If my vote is misconstrued, let it be, and let me suffer its consequences. Just let me be judged in this by the real concern I have voiced here and not by words that others may speak or by what others may say about what I think."

REPUBLICANS

Mission: A Winner's Image

Pennsylvania's Governor Bill Scranton, latest entry in the Republican presidential race, last week invaded the Goldwater-minded Midwest. In Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Colorado and Kentucky, Scranton and his wife Mary received warm welcomes, addressed national convention delegates, even managed to win over a few who had previously leaned toward Barry.

But delegate-courting was not Scranton's mission—not yet. Instead, what he had to do was build an image, not just as an energetic, articulate, moderate alternative to Goldwater but, far more important, as a Republican who might give Democrat Lyndon Johnson a terrific fight in November.

Thus Scranton was waging a war on two fronts, one against Goldwater, the other against the incumbent President. He missed no opportunity to contrast his views with Goldwater's, and Barry, with his vote against the civil rights bill, served up Scranton a golden issue on a silver platter. No sooner had Goldwater announced that he would naysay the civil rights measure than Scranton shot off a telegram. "I urge you," he wired, "to repudiate your opposition to the civil rights bill by voting yes on final passage. Your views on the sub-

ject to date are opposed to the traditional Republican philosophy of equal opportunity for all, and it is of great importance to our party that you now change your views. Other Republican Senators, especially Senator Dirksen, have worked hard and long with great statesmanship to bring about effective civil rights legislation."

In Des Moines, Scranton roused a crowd of 3,000 to cheers as he declared: "Tonight the heartland of America waits for new answers. Tonight the heartland of America demands vigorous leadership, rugged faith, and a renewal of the march forward. I intend to offer those answers—I intend to provide that leadership. If you will march with me, the American journey can begin again. Where issues are complex, I will not try to fool you into believing that they are simple. Where we are in trouble—and we are in trouble tonight in many parts of this shrinking world—I will not lull you with lofty assurances that all is well. I will not lead you down the easy road. I will call for sacrifice. I will call for courage. I will call for a spirit—a spirit of adventure."

"Stand with Me." In Topeka, Scranton kept hammering at Goldwater's philosophy. Cried he to his fellow Republicans: "Suppose the Democrats can accuse us—and be believed—of an irresponsible defense policy that would turn over the decision to use nuclear weapons to field commanders? Suppose they can accuse us of trying to destroy the social security system? Suppose they can establish that we think foreign policy is a matter of shooting from the hip—and who cares what we hit? Suppose they show that when the chips are down, Republicans won't stand for equal rights for all Americans?" The result, said Scranton, would not only be defeat for the G.O.P. in November but the ruin of conservatism.

At a St. Louis press conference, Scranton's aggressiveness led him into making a charge that he later regretted. Discussing Goldwater's refusal to meet him in a face-to-face television debate, Scranton said: "I think this indicates an apparent lack of courage to face people." Later, in Denver, Scranton apologized, said his remark had been "ill-advised." "I know Goldwater has personal courage," he explained. "No one denies that. But since the New Hampshire primary, he has been guarded and hemmed in by the politicians around him lest he express his personal views."

In Louisville, Scranton went after Goldwater for another of Barry's many lip-shooting remarks. "I believe it most unfortunate," said Scranton, "that the present front-running candidate for our presidential nomination has embarrassed our party by announcing that people who are poor have only their stupidity or their laziness to blame. This is a slander on the thousands of good Americans who through no fault of their own have

been caught in the backlash of our urbanized, industrialized, fast-moving society. There is a need for the party of Lincoln to remember that 'there but for the grace of God go I.' But heaven help us if we go before the American people with the naive belief that every poverty-stricken family in America deserves nothing but contempt."

The Real Opponent. This was tough talk, but no tougher than Scranton's attack on the Johnson Administration, which he accused not of having "bad policies," but of having "no policies." The Democrats, he said, "have put together a short-order foreign policy, serving each day's hash from the leavings of yesterday's mistakes." If given the nomination, he pledged, he would "strip away the sham promises, the heavy-handed politics-as-usual, the worn bag of politicallegerdemain which the Johnson Administration has substituted for a sense of national purpose. For the past six months the propaganda mills of that Administration have ground out a vast array of slogans and crackpot schemes."

Winding up his week before a tumultuous crowd at the Massachusetts G.O.P. convention in Boston, Scranton again lashed out at the Democrats: "There is not a single thing in President Johnson's poverty bill that is going to help anybody who is poverty-stricken or who hasn't enough to eat." Moving into foreign policy, Scranton said that the present Administration "has failed to produce a single good idea or successful strategy during its first year in office."

In his campaign, Scranton was winning strong allies among the forces of moderate Republicanism. Henry Cabot Lodge's campaign backers were now working for Scranton. Nelson Rockefeller withdrew from the race, threw his support (and, perhaps more important, the facilities of his widespread organization) to Scranton. And while Dwight Eisenhower maintained a glum silence, his brother Milton sent Scranton a lengthy letter of endorsement, said pointedly: "I know that you avoid snap judgments and clever remarks devoid of sincerity and common sense. I admire you for your moderate but firm philosophy, and I hope the American people will realize what an opportunity they now have for placing the leadership of our nation in steady hands."

The Sinister East. What was Candidate Goldwater doing while Scranton was hitting the Midwestern hustings against him? For one thing, he was still picking up delegates. Montana, last of all the states to select its delegates, picked a solid, 14-member Goldwater group. Three days earlier in Texas, Goldwater had, as expected, added all 56 of the state's delegates. At the Texas convention, Goldwater extended his past attacks on the sinister "Eastern clique" of powerful Republicans who oppose him to include certain elements of the press. Said he: "All of a sudden all the radical columnists—Childs, Lippmann, Alsop—and all the radical news-

papers like the New York Times, the Washington Post, even IZVESTIA in Russia—they are suddenly expressing a great deal of concern about the Republican Party. Nothing would make these people happier than if the Republican Party were to drown. Do you know what they're afraid of? They're afraid they're going to have a Republican candidate they can't control."

This Eastern-clique business is a fetish with Goldwater and his followers; they constantly compare 1964 to 1952, when, they insist, the Republican kingmakers of the industrial Northeast cheated Robert A. Taft out of the Republican nomination. The comparison, of course, is absurd. Bill Scranton has not achieved the national stature of a Dwight Eisenhower, and Barry Gold-

ILLINOIS

What Upset Ev

For once, Ev Dirksen was speechless. Leaving the first powwow of Illinois' Republican Convention delegates in suburban Chicago last week, he plowed head down through a crowd of newsmen, got into a car and drove off without saying a word.

What so visibly upset Ev was a crude power play, aimed at G.O.P. gubernatorial Nominee Chuck Percy, by Goldwater forces at the meeting. During his successful primary campaign, Percy pledged himself to vote in San Francisco for the presidential candidate favored by a majority of the Illinois delegation. As of now, Goldwater holds that majority, and Percy has every in-



SCRANTON & WIFE IN BOSTON (AT RIGHT, SENATOR LEVERETT SALTONSTALL)

"There is not a single thing..."

water is far, far from being a Bob Taft. Moreover, the storied kingmakers who launched like into politics—and thereby won undying enmity from the G.O.P.'s conservative wing—did not catapult Scranton, or anyone else, into the race, and as yet have attempted nothing of consequence in the 1964 campaign.

With three weeks to go before the convention, Scranton's light is uphill. Goldwater managers now claim some 700 delegates, more than enough to win nomination.* But of these, only about half are really committed. Of the others, many lean toward Barry mostly because they figure he might just as well be the Republican sacrifice in a Democratic year. If they were convinced that another candidate might actually win the presidency and carry hundreds of other Republicans into office with him, their loyalty to Barry almost certainly would waver and wane. It is up to Bill Scranton to convince these delegates that he is just the fellow to whip Lyndon.

* At a comparable preconvention stage in 1952, Taft claimed some 600 delegates, with 604 needed to nominate.

tenation of keeping his word. But he is suspect to the Goldwaterites because of his well-known belief that putting the Arizona Senator at the top of the ticket would seriously hurt the chances of all Illinois Republican state candidates, including Percy's own.

As the gubernatorial nominee, Percy could have expected to be chairman of the Illinois delegation to the national convention. But he knew he faced opposition from the Goldwater camp, and he didn't particularly want the chairmanship anyway: as chairman, he would be required to announce the convention vote of the heavily Goldwater delegation, thereby apparently identifying himself with Goldwater in the floodlights of national television.

Percy therefore proposed that Dirksen be chairman, that he himself take second place as co-chairman, and that the third top delegation post, that of secretary, go to an all-out Goldwater man. Dirksen agreed, and so did U.S. Representative Ed Derwinski, the Goldwater leader in Illinois. Said Derwinski later: "I agree to Dirksen's taking over as chairman because I think Chuck should be absolved from the line of fire



PERCY & DIRKSEN IN CHICAGO
Angry and speechless.

at the convention. He needs to be out of it for his campaign."

But the rank-and-file Goldwater followers emphatically did not agree. And it quickly became clear that they had the votes to require that two of the three top national delegation officers be signed-in-blood Barry backers, thereby eliminating either Dirksen or, preferably, Percy. Dirksen was furious. "This is awful," he told Percy. "I'm going to make a fight of this."

For the sake of party harmony, Percy urged Ev against this course. "I can't afford to fight these Goldwater people," he said. Percy therefore withdrew as prospective co-chairman, a Goldwater-leader was named vice chairman, Dirksen left town mad, and Illinois Republicans were treated to the sight of their gubernatorial nominee, chosen overwhelmingly in a statewide primary, being reduced to the status of just another common delegate at the national convention.

MASSACHUSETTS

Teddy's Ordeal

Delegates to the Massachusetts Democratic Convention in West Springfield were disappointed when Teddy Kennedy's telephoned voice from Washington came over the public-address system. Teddy had planned to be on hand to accept his Senate renomination by acclamation. But now, because of the vote on the civil rights bill, he would be delayed. So would Indiana's Senator Birch Bayh, who was scheduled to be the convention keynote speaker. "I want everyone to know that I am a candidate this next year, even though I'm hundreds of miles away," said Teddy. "We are now 15 minutes away from the vote for civil rights."

That was after 7 p.m. Only one hour later, on a sultry Washington evening, Teddy, 32, his aide Edward Moss, 41, Bayh, 36, and his wife Marvella, 31, climbed aboard a twin-engine Aero

Commander at National Airport. The chartered plane, frequently used by Senator Kennedy, was piloted by Edwin T. Zimny, 48.

The Apple Orchard. When they took off from Washington, the skies were clear. But warnings of heavy weather to the north had already been posted. Their destination was Barnes Municipal Airport, Westfield, Mass., about seven miles west of Springfield. There, fog and drizzle had socked in the runways.

Approaching Barnes, the pilot was flying on instruments. At about 11 p.m., he told the tower that he was "over the 'Z'"—exactly on course. Looking out of the plane's windows, the passengers could see a few fog-blurred car lights, knew they were nearly on the ground.

Suddenly the plane soared into a steep, desperate climb, shook violently, plunged and crashed. There was a moment of deep, terrifying silence: everyone aboard was stunned or dying. Birch Bayh recovered before the others. "My first thought," he said later, "was that the plane had been hit by lightning." He looked cautiously about. "I saw black things outside my window," he recalled. In his shock, it took him a while to notice the black things were trees, that the Aero Commander had crashed—as it turned out, in an apple orchard on a hill three miles short of the airport.

Fearful that the wreckage would burst into flames, Bayh hurriedly boosted his wife through an escape hatch, which popped open on impact. Then he called for Teddy, who was crumpled on the floor. Bayh got no answer and climbed out the hatch himself. Again, he yelled to Teddy. This time Kennedy answered, managed to reach his hand through the hatch, and Bayh helped him wriggle through the window. Moss and Pilot Zimny—both horribly injured—were trapped in the cockpit, which had been sliced apart as if by a huge can opener.

On the Wet Grass. Teddy lay helplessly on the wet grass, beneath Mrs. Bayh's raincoat. The Bayhs staggered

down the hill to a road, stopped a car driven by Robert Schauer, who had been attracted by the sound of the crash. He took them to his home, called the police, returned immediately with a pillow and blankets for Teddy. Said Schauer: "When I got to the plane, Senator Kennedy was still there. He was cool as a cucumber. He said he had shoulder and back injuries."

Word of the accident swiftly came to the Democratic convention in West Springfield. Teddy's wife, Joan, went to Cooley Dickinson Hospital in Northampton, arrived at 12:30 a.m., shortly after Teddy reached there in an ambulance. Doctors found the Senator's pulse erratic, his blood pressure "almost negligible." Soon after he arrived, they gave him three blood transfusions.

At 3:40 a.m., Brother Bobby and his sister, Jean Kennedy Smith, arrived after a 100-mile dash from Boston in a state police car. By then, Teddy was able to summon up a wan smile and murmur: "How are you, Bobby?"

The Parents. Teddy Kennedy had suffered two fractured ribs, three broken vertebrae, and assorted cuts and bruises. He would probably be out of action for quite a while, but there were no neurological injuries, no paralysis, no immediate need for surgery. Marvella Bayh was in good condition: Senator Bayh had a severe muscle strain. But Ed Moss, one of Teddy's ablest, most faithful friends, died of brain injuries during surgery. Zimny had died before help came.

Rose and Old Joe Kennedy, at their summer house on Cape Cod, learned of the accident from Niece Ann Gargan when they arose. What passed through their minds can hardly be imagined—of their nine children, they had already lost Joe Jr. and Kathleen in air crashes. Jack by assassination.



TEDDY KENNEDY AFTER CRASH
Cool as a cucumber.

THE PRESIDENCY

"Love Me in November"

Lyndon Johnson is quite fond of asking White House guests if they happen to have any criticism of his Administration. Whether the guests are Republican or Democratic, the criticisms are few and far between. But whenever one comes, Lyndon is likely to lower his head and allow as how: "Maybe you're right. Maybe, for the good of the country, I shouldn't even run for President this year."

In perfect sincerity, Johnson thinks of himself as being President of all Americans—which he is. He would also love to see himself regarded as a bipartisan leader, and he insists that all of his speeches, his travels, his handshakings are "nonpolitical." This is something much akin to Arnold Palmer's claiming that he plays golf just for the exercise.

Pep Talk. Last week, under a scorching noon sun, Lyndon nonpolitically cultivated a group of businessmen in the White House Rose Garden. The guests were gathered for a presidential pep talk about the proposed new International Executive Service Corps, a kind of blue-chip, button-down Peace Corps. "The program we are launching today," said Lyndon, "is an inspiring example of sane and sensible, responsible and constructive cooperation between Government and private enterprise."

Next day the President made a jet flight to New York City for an event so nonpolitical that it was practically a secret. It was a dinner for Jackie Kennedy and trustees of the John F. Kennedy Memorial Library. Perhaps never before have so many celebrities gathered with so little fanfare. The President's route from the airport was not made public, and most of his companions all but hid their faces behind newspapers as they rushed into the St. Regis Hotel. Among them were Chief Justice Earl Warren, Justice Arthur Goldberg, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges, Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman, Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Anthony Celebrezze. Also on hand was a galaxy of diversified doers: International Ladies Garment Workers Union President David Dubinsky, Department Store Magnate Bernard Gimbel, Mrs. Ernest Hemingway, N.A.A.C.P. Executive Secretary Roy Wilkins, Writer-Pundit Theodore White, Artistic Fredric March, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., and Artist William Walton. The President sat next to Jackie at the dinner, visited with Attorney General Bobby Kennedy, but made no speeches and left town barely five hours after he arrived.

Sounding the Trumpet. Next day Johnson was in Ohio, still nonpoliticking. In Cleveland he sent his Secret Service escorts into nervous tremors during the ride from the airport by stopping again and again to plunge into the crowds to shake hands. At the Public

Auditorium, Johnson delivered a peach of a noncampaign speech to a convention of the Communications Workers of America. "And when the roll is called, and when the trumpet sounds, and when the strong of heart and the stout of spirit stand up to be counted," thundered Johnson, "I have not the slightest doubt where this union will be or where American labor in the U.S. will be. You will be where you have al-



JACKIE



BOBBY & L.B.J.

One meeting really was nonpolitical.

ways been: on the side of compassion. You will be on the side of progress. You will be on the side of human rights. You will be on the side of the future."

Lyndon brought the whole auditorium audience to its feet when he declared: "You are no longer alone. Most of the American people have joined with you. Most of your old adversaries are with you. And the President of the United States is with you!"

At week's end the President went to California—and now there was no pretense in the slightest about his political purpose. At a party fund-raising dinner in San Francisco, Lyndon cried: "Let us resolve here tonight that in California and in the nation the Democratic Party will be the party that worked for the people, the party that journeyed with the people across the New Frontiers toward a richer and better life for all human beings."

Would he run this year? Of course he would. Said he at a San Francisco building dedication: "A government which can get things done and knows where it is going is the kind of government you have had for the past four years—and that is the kind of government you are going to get for the next four years!" Later he shouted to cheering Democrats: "I hope you love me in November as you did in May."

CRIME

A Savage Stalks at Midnight

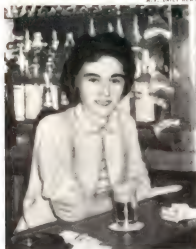
"We, the jury, recommend the death penalty," said the foreman—and the New York City courtroom echoed with audience applause. Judge J. Irwin Shapiro, an ordinarily soft-spoken veteran of more than 20 years of criminal law, pounded his desk for order, then exploded in his own outburst against the

defendant. "I don't believe in capital punishment," he cried, "but I must say I feel this may be improper when I see this monster. I wouldn't hesitate to pull the switch myself!"

Before Shapiro stood a slim, impassive Negro named Winston Moseley, 29. In the course of confessions to police and his own horrifying testimony at the trial, Moseley had admitted murdering three women, setting fire to the genital organ of one victim, raping "four or five" others, robbing and attempting to rape even more. He had attacked lone women on New York streets, using a single-shot .22 rifle, a pistol, a steak knife, a hunting knife and a screwdriver. He was also a neorophiliac. Said a psychiatrist in court: "He told me he got no thrill with live women he raped."

"Until She Was Quiet." The father of three children, a \$100-a-week business accounting machine operator and a sometime Baptist, Moseley owned a \$16,000 home in Queens, had five pedigreed German shepherd dogs, drove a 1960 white Corvair, and gave every sign of respectability—in the daytime. But after dark, he became a savage.

The crime for which he was finally convicted occurred about 3 a.m. last March 13 when Moseley, armed with a bone-handled German hunting knife, was cruising in his Corvair through the



KITTY GENOVESE

Would it be all right if he covered his face?



MOSELEY

quiet streets of Queens. In calm, almost dispassionate testimony, he told the shocked courtroom: "I just set out to find any girl that was unattended and I was going to kill her." The girl he spotted was Kitty Genovese, a 28-year-old bar manager, driving her red Fiat home from work. Moseley followed until she parked in a lot just 35 yds. from her apartment home.

When Kitty left her car, she noticed Moseley lurking nearby, walked nervously toward a street light, then began to run. Recalled Moseley: "I could run much faster than she could. And I jumped on her back and stabbed her several times. She fell to the ground and I knelt over her." Kitty shrieked: "Oh my God, I've been stabbed! Please help me! Please help me!"

Lights flashed on throughout the apartment building. One man threw open his bedroom window, bellowed down to the street, "Let that girl alone." Moseley hurried back to his car, while Kitty—stabbed four times—staggered away. Moseley stayed in his car only long enough to change from a stocking cap to a black fedora, then he returned to stalk the bleeding girl. Of the shout from the building, Moseley recalled: "I had a feeling that this man would close his window and go back to sleep, and sure enough he did." In all, at least 38 persons witnessed—without calling the police—one part or another of the fatal ordeal of Kitty Genovese.

Before their eyes, Moseley began hunting through the shadows for his victim. He peered through locked doors of a railroad station and a coffee shop. He returned to the apartment building and found Kitty, bleeding and terrified, on the floor. "She was twisting and turning," said Moseley. "And I don't know how many times or where I stabbed her until she was fairly quiet." Then Moseley ripped off her clothes and sexually molested her. "I heard the upstairs door open at least twice, maybe three times," Moseley recalled, "but when I looked up there was nobody."

"A Pretty Shameful Thing." Now relaxed and at ease, Moseley drove home, even played good Samaritan once by stopping to wake a motorist who had fallen asleep at a stoplight. He silently entered his house, washed his knife, replaced it neatly in his tool box and slept soundly. For a time thereafter, he seemed normal enough. Then on March 19, he skipped work, left home in broad daylight and drove to a nearby residential section. There he burglarized one house, drove to a second and parked his car at the curb. Incredibly, he made three trips carrying his loot to the car. Neighbors saw him, called the police, who arrested Moseley without a struggle.

Within hours, he confessed to all his crimes, insisted he felt no sorrow. When police wanted to take him past a battery of cameramen to his cell, Moseley said serenely: "I have a father out there. I also have a wife, and this is a pretty shameful thing. Would it be all right with you people if I covered up my face?"

At his trial, Moseley pleaded not guilty by reason of insanity. After the jury returned its verdict, Moseley's lawyers asked for extra time to file motions before formal sentencing. Judge Shapiro flatly refused: "I know what I'm going to do," he said. "The sooner we get him out of Queens County and into the death house—the better."

THE SUPREME COURT A New Charter For State Legislatures

The agricultural counties of California are far more important in the life of our state than the relationship their population bears to the entire population of the state. It is for this reason that I never have been in favor of restricting their representation in our state senate to a strictly population basis. It is the same reason that the founding fathers of our country gave balanced representation to the states of the Union,

equal representation in one house and proportionate representation based upon population in the other.

In 1948, when he made that declaration, Earl Warren was the Republican Governor of California. It was a statement with which almost all elective officeholders could agree. But times change, and so do jobs and outlooks. And last week Warren, now in the robes of Chief Justice of the U.S., wrote an opinion for a 6-to-3 Supreme Court majority that not only flew in the face of his earlier ideas but considerably changed the complexion of U.S. state politics.

Shaky Grounds. Judging cases in Alabama, Colorado, Delaware, Maryland, New York and Virginia, the Court ruled that their existing systems of representation in their state legislatures were unconstitutional and laid down the general rule: "The seats in both houses of a bicameral state legislature must be apportioned on a population basis."

Until a Tennessee case of 1962, the Supreme Court had always held that state legislative apportionment was none of the federal court system's business. Now all that is changed. Justice Warren justified his decision on the provision of the 14th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution that requires that no state "shall deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." Some lawyers thought this was shaky ground.

The whole notion in many states has been that one house is based on population, thus representing local interests. The other, just as in the U.S. Congress, is elected on an area basis, and its members are responsible to more diverse, often conflicting groups. Warren saw no particular difference between state houses and state senates. Wrote he:

"Legislators represent people, not trees or acres. Legislators are elected by voters, not farms or cities or economic interests. As long as ours is a representative form of government, and our legislatures are those instruments of government elected directly by and directly representative of the people, the right to elect legislators in a free and unimpaired fashion is a bedrock of our political system."

Logically, in a society ostensibly grounded on representative government, it would seem reasonable that a majority of the people of a state could elect a majority of that state's legislators. To conclude differently and to sanction minority control of state legislative bodies, would appear to deny majority rights in a way that far surpasses any possible denial of minority rights that might otherwise be thought to result. Since legislatures are responsible for enacting laws by which all citizens are to be governed, they should be bodies which are collectively responsible to the popular will. Our constitutional system amply provides for the protection of minorities by means other than giving them a majority control of state legislatures.

"To the extent that a citizen's right

The Inequalities. Beyond question, Warren was right in one sense: not only state assemblies but also state senates are often wildly disproportionate in their voter representation (see map). There are examples galore. Because rural areas are overrepresented in the Nevada senate, a mere 8% of the state's population can elect a majority of the Senators. In California, State Senator Thomas Rees of Los Angeles County represents 6,700,000 constituents; Senator William Symond Jr. of three mountainous counties have only 15,300 constituents. Nevada has no so closely divided between political parties that Democratic Governors have held office about half the time in this century; yet up-state areas are so overrepresented that Democrats have controlled the state legislature but once.

More Problems Than Answers. While the Warren opinion spelled out the new legal principles, it also raised more problems, legal and nonlegal, than it solved. Precisely how equal must equal-population districts be? Can a single legislator roaming, for example, a huge, sparsely settled Texas range serve his constituents as well as can the city legislator with a pocket-sized district? Is it really helpful to run the risk of giving a big-city political machine, such as Chicago's, a stranglehold on a whole state?

On its surface, the decision seems to be in keeping with the present Court's tendency to interpret the U.S. Constitution so as to minimize states' rights. Yet by removing the glaring inequities in the representation in state legislatures, the decision should strengthen the statehouses by increasing their efficiency and attracting more capable members. And any upgrading of the state legislatures should, in the long run, make them less reliant on the Federal Government when they are faced with difficult state problems.

U.S.

HAWAII

TIME Map by J. Donagan
Source: Pacific Municipal League

THE WORLD

LAOS

The Awakening

[See Cover]

The silvery Cessna Wren scudded high above the Plain of Jars, and the tiny man in rumpled fatigues peered down through eyes red-rimmed with exhaustion. Below him the wind moved casually over apple-green downs, setting the jade-colored rice fields to shivering. A few pagodas, their tiled roofs torn by howitzer shells, yawned at the sun. On the barren hilltops, orange-colored lines of slit trenches spread like ringworm across the Plain of Jars, which had been fought over for three years by Communist Pathet Lao troops and neutralist forces. The tired little passenger in the Wren was neutralist General Kong Le, whom the Communists had just pushed off the Plain. But he vowed to get back on it—with American help.

Kong Le was on his way to inspect one of his outposts at the edge of the Plain. As his aircraft slewed to a halt near the village of Vang Vieng, he jumped down and stared around at the

straggly cluster of palm-thatched huts and muddy walkways that would be his headquarters for the next fight, for it was here that he expected the Communists to resume the attack. Kong Le and his headquarters looked worn, scruffy, far from impressive. But he stood almost alone in Laos last week as the West's only effective battler against Communism. With only 3,000 ill-paid, ill-trained troops supplied only infrequently by air drops, Kong Le's prospects seemed poor. His spirit did not. "Whether we win or lose," he said, "I'm afraid there is not much choice except to fight until we can fight no longer."

Behind Kong Le loomed an elaborate, half-hidden U.S. operation designed to maintain the fiction of Laotian neutrality and keep both Kong Le and Premier Souvanna Phouma's government from falling completely to the Communists. For the first time outside South Viet Nam, the U.S. had used direct if limited military intervention in its attempt to hold Southeast Asia from the Red Chinese and North Vietnamese. From Washington to Vientiane, the op-

eration was punctuated by denials that obviously could not be kept up much longer. After all, it was an election year, and even as Lyndon Johnson preached "the pursuit of peace," other Government officials were taking pains to tell Washington journalists that Southeast Asia was as crucial to Western interests as Berlin. But the U.S. had made a move, and, for the moment at least, it seemed to have produced an effect.

Hawks & Doves. The neutralist government of Prince Souvanna Phouma, shaken severely by a right-wing coup last April, had been jolted further by a series of sharp Pathet Lao attacks that forced Kong Le off the Plain. If the precariously balanced Laotian coalition was to hold, outside help was needed. A month ago, unarmed U.S. jets began flying reconnaissance missions over Red territory in hopes of intimidating the Pathet Lao. When one of the slow-flying Navy recon planes was downed by Russian-made anti-aircraft guns, the U.S. decided to send armed jet fighters to escort the reconnaissance craft. When one of the escorts was shot down, too, the U.S. obviously had to do something—or give up the whole game.

The aviary of official Washington was, as usual, divided between "hawks" and "doves." Foremost among the hawks was Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, who urged strong retaliatory action. Leaning heavily on the advice of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, McNamara pointed out that in a normal combat situation the reconnaissance targets would have been cloaked by fighter strikes before the recon planes were sent out. But since the "Mickey Mouse game" of diplomacy had to be satisfied, such sound military tactics had been precluded, and two planes lost. Now, said McNamara, was the time to hit those targets.

The doves contended that any U.S. strike would jeopardize Souvanna's neutralist position, make him appear an American stooge and thus play into Pathet Lao hands. Besides, there was the danger of "escalation." At the same time, interservice rivalry reared its head in the discussion: the Air Force argued that it could best carry out any Laotian retaliatory mission, while the Navy, whose planes after all were the ones shot down, demanded the privilege of striking back. And the Strategic Air Command, hoping to refocus its image in an era of minuscule rather than massive retaliation, asked for a chance to show "how gentle" its big bombers could be on a delicate mission.

Turn of the Screw. President Johnson himself finally sided with the hawks. It was decided to turn the screw just slightly, by applying the smallest amount of pressure available, and then sit back to see what happened. Philippines-based Air Force jets were picked to carry out the mission. Out of Clark Air Force Base near Manila swept a



flight of eight F-100s, stopping en route in already committed South Viet Nam to take the onus off the Republic of the Philippines. After refueling, the jets hit the guilty gun emplacements with rockets and machine-gun fire.

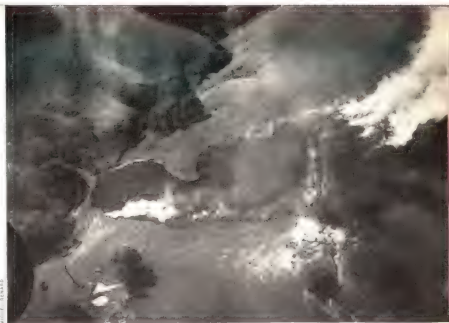
At about the same time, the small Royal Laotian Air Force was also busy. Flying out of Vientiane's Wattay Airport and another strip near Savannakhet in the south, stubby, old-fashioned U.S.-built T-28 trainers hung with 500-lb. bombs, rockets and machine guns roared in on Pathet Lao bases and troops on the Plain of Jars and near the South Vietnamese border. The 25 planes had been supplied by the U.S., but were ordered into action for the first time by a reluctant Souvanna only in the current crisis. The Royal Laotian Air Force has only twelve pilots, and the other planes were reportedly piloted by U.S. civilian soldiers of fortune and by U.S.-trained Thai aviators.

Protest Before Poetry. In 36 sorties during one week, the T-28s knocked out Communist posts, wiped out a truck convoy on the fringe of the Plain of Jars, and left tanks, trucks and Pathet Lao Leader Prince Souphanouvong smoldering. When a group of Control Commission diplomats—nominally the overseers of Laotian neutrality—arrived at Souphanouvong's headquarters at Khang Khay, they found his tidy, white-walled villa pocked by bullets and ripped by bombs, while the pink-roofed Chinese mission near by lay in ruins. One Chinese attaché had been killed in the raid, which was carried out by three Laotian Air Force T-28s—though Souphanouvong insisted U.S. jets had done the deed.

Dapper as usual in a linen suit, pearl stickpin and black rubbers to fend off the monsoon mud, Souphanouvong was in a well-tailored snit. He greeted his guests with indignant demands for an immediate full-dress conference of the 14 Geneva agreement signatories who had guaranteed Laotian neutrality two years ago. Such a meeting could only confirm the status quo for the Pathet Lao, who have grabbed a lot of territory in recent weeks, and Neutralist Souvanna at U.S. urging had refused any new Geneva-level conference unless the Pathet Lao first withdrew from the Plain of Jars. As Souphanouvong argued his case, the thump of anti-aircraft guns sounded in the distance, followed by the whine of aircraft engines. Diplomats ducked nervously as Laotian T-28s laid bombs on target near by, then wheeled back toward Vientiane.

"Now America has entered the war by sending planes," shrieked Souphanouvong's information minister. Having made his protest, Souphanouvong returned, at least for the present, to his favorite hobby—writing poetry.

With Souvanna's agreement, the U.S. meanwhile announced that it would continue to fly reconnaissance missions when necessary for Kong Le's army, and would retaliate against any guns that fire at its planes. To that end, the



COMMUNIST POSITIONS AFTER LAOTIAN AIR FORCE RAID

The neutralists have learned some lessons.

aircraft carrier U.S.S. *Constellation* was cruising in the South China Sea off South Viet Nam, some 250 miles from the Plain of Jars. The question that remained in everyone's mind was whether the U.S. would intervene with airpower only when provoked, or whether the jet strikes presaged a willingness to carry the air war in Laos further.

Not that the U.S. particularly wants to be in Laos, any more than it wants to be in the rest of what used to be Indo-China. But the vacuum left by the French collapse a decade ago forced the U.S. to assume responsibility for the area. Laos is less important strategically than its Vietnamese neighbor; the country could fall to the Communists without necessarily making the situation in South Viet Nam much worse, while the fall of South Viet Nam inevitably would also mean the fall of Laos. But if the U.S. could deny the implausible little kingdom to the Communists, it would have important effects in the area. It would not only demonstrate firmness against Chinese expansion, but it would also make some important points about neutralism, a concept so often and so loosely offered as a solution in Southeast Asia.

The U.S. has moved a long way from the time when it automatically backed the rightists in Laos and elsewhere and assumed neutralism was immoral. But the neutralists have come a long way, too, and no one embodies this fact better than Kong Le. The gritty, grinning captain of paratroopers had fought for almost a decade in jungle and mountains, while fat cats in the cities grew fatter on U.S. and Communist aid; yet never had he known whom or what he was fighting or defending. "You have to give a man something to live for," he said, "before you can ask him to die." To the tough paratrooper, as to most Southeast Asians, the cold war

was a puzzle. Neutrality seemed the answer, and Kong Le gladly included the Pathet Lao within his amiable embrace. But, battle by battle and defection by defection, Kong Le and Laos learned that not even a neutral could stand safely beside the Pathet Lao.

Lotus Land. Kong Le's awakening to the realities was a painful process. Of all the people involved in the struggle between Communism and the West, none were more reluctant to enter it than the Laotians. Delighted inhabitants of a warm, green land, where all a man needed was "a small knife to peel bananas and a large one to kill pigs," the Laotians had built their culture on singing, silk weaving and sex. Scarcely a week goes by without the celebration of a *houm*—the Laotian festival at which men play the *khene*, a many-battered bamboo flute, while the lissome women dance the *lamvong*, swinging their long, embroidered skirts while their delicate hands tell tales of love. The skirts are called *sinks*, but the deeds that follow the dance are not.

The 2,000,000 Laotians earn a scant \$90 a year on the average, but it scarcely bothers them. They have a taste for fried bricks of green river moss and charcoal-broiled toad stew, and the ingredients for both are abundantly available in Laos. A steep, river-eroded land of limestone cliffs and rich alluvial plains, Laos can grow enough rice, bamboo, flowers and toads to keep its people happy forever. French attempts to impose European ways on Laos from 1893 to 1954 failed for the most part—in fact, Frenchmen who served in Laos usually returned as dreamy-eyed, wistful victims of the *malaise Laotien*.

At Vientiane's Wattay Airport, where the Laotian air raids originate, the clocks that are supposed to tell the time in other world capitals are inevitably out of joint. A Westerner can buy a

week of perfumed Elysium for the price of a pair of gold-mounted tiger-claw cuff links (\$20), drive his sports car right into the Hotel Constellation bar and play endless rounds of cameroon, a dice game nearly as complicated as Lao-tian politics. All these qualities of Laos—its fey charm, its naïveté, its innocent lechery, its refusal to see the world as an interlocking whole—are reflected in Kong Le himself. To a large extent they keep him from being a really major leader. But he may be closer to it than anyone else in Laos.

Taste of Defeat. He was born 33 years ago in the village of Phalang in southern Laos, the son of a Lao mother and a Kha father. Of all the country's many ethnic groups, the Kha are socially the lowliest (the word Kha means slave). Kong Le himself came out even lower—physically. He stands just 5 ft. 1 in. tall in his paratrooper's beret, weighs 115 lbs., and even in a nation of small people that is diminutive. "He has a runt complex," says one American friend. Combined with his backwoods, ethnically inferior background, this provided him with all the motivation, if not the genius, to become a Southeast Asian Napoleon.

Though he studied briefly at the *lycée* in Savannakhet, he never graduated, joined the French army in 1952 to fight the losing battle against the Red Viet Minh. As a sergeant, he quickly learned the taste of defeat. After the French

ippines for Ranger training. At Camp Vicente Lim in southern Luzon, he won honors in ambush and guerrilla operations, gained bloody battle experience against the Communist Huks in the snake-haunted highlands back of Olonapo. At the same time, Kong Le kept wondering why he was fighting.

Waiting for Neutralism. Back home, Captain Kong Le was promoted to command of the 1st Parachute Battalion of the Royal Army. But the promotion did little to ease his growing dislike of conditions in Laos. The 1954 Indo-China armistice had handed the Pathet Lao two sections of the country—Samnuea and Phongsaly—bordering Communist China and North Viet Nam. The International Control Commission, made up of Polish, Indian and Canadian delegations, was theoretically responsible for keeping any faction from bringing in more troops and arms, but the Pathet Lao ignored the ban: Viet Minh cadres poured across the border to train Pathet Lao troops in guerrilla and conventional warfare. In 1957 the U.S. grew alarmed, began casting about for a rightist leader to counter the Communists. It found him in General Phoumi Nosavan, a tubby but talented field commander whose cousin, the late Strongman Sarit Thanarat of Thailand, was a firm supporter of the U.S.

Two years later, Phoumi led the first of five coups that have kept Laos in turmoil ever since. In April 1960 Phoumi's

develop. But furious at what he considered a betrayal by his protégé, Phoumi pulled his 60,000-man army down to southern Laos and set up his own revolutionary committee. Sporadic fighting between Phoumi's army and the Pathet Lao broke out. The neutralists were drawn ever closer to the Pathet Lao.

Is He Sethathirath? In Kong Le, the Communists thought they had an invaluable tool. Politically unformed, the little captain was immensely popular with his troops and the Laotian people. In superstition-ridden Laos, Kong Le was believed invulnerable to gunfire. The *baci*, or cotton strings, he wore tied around his wrists and a stone amulet he carried in a pouch at his waist kept his 32 souls (one for each major part of the body) from fleeing. The *phi* or demon who guarded him was undoubtedly among the underworld's most powerful, for Kong Le had never been wounded.

The myth of his invulnerability took on a new dimension during a festival in Vientiane, where an old woman fell into a trance on seeing Kong Le's photograph. "Sethathirath is returned!" she screamed. Sethathirath is a legendary king of Laos who disappeared in the 16th century while on a jungle expedition. The Lao believe that when Vientiane is in great danger, this hero—like Britain's King Arthur—will return to save them. To this day many Laotians believe Kong Le is Sethathirath. And although Kong Le embarrassedly shrugs

—GEOFFREY



LAOTIAN TROOPS & T-28s AT VIENTIANE'S WATTAY AIRPORT

"There is not much choice except to fight."

withdrawal, he transferred to the Royal Laotian Army as a paratroop lieutenant only to taste more of it. Kong Le's was a battalion of troubleshooters. Whenever the Pathet Lao got particularly obnoxious, he and his men were sent out from Vientiane over jungle villages to float down silently and kill. Often they dropped without supplies, fought their way back on a bullet a day, gratifying their taste for toads and bamboo shoots along the route. Kong Le perfected an instinct for infantry leadership. He made the right moves, and U.S. military men credited him with a fine field officer's instinct for combat. In 1957, the army sent him to the Phil-

slate of candidates won handily in a rigged election, but the Pathet Lao were back in business as guerrillas, and the prospect of another long, bloody civil war faced the country. Then, in August 1960, Kong Le acted.

Under cover of darkness, his 300 paratroopers moved in from Camp Chinamo outside Vientiane, picked up some 2,700 like-minded soldiers from other units and in less than two hours held all the key points in the city. Kong Le deposed the right-wing government, although Phoumi had been his mentor in the army. Installing Prince Souvanna Phouma as Premier, Kong Le sat back hopefully and waited for neutralism to

the matter off himself, he is not so sure either.

Kong Le's magical properties failed him late in 1960 when Phoumi's rightists—led by a rising young colonel named Kouprasith Abhay—defeated the neutralists in the Battle of Vientiane and forced Kong Le and his men north to the Plain of Jars. There, Kong Le's alliance with the Pathet Lao was cemented, and when the neutralist-led troika headed by Souvanna was established at another Geneva conference in July 1962, Kong Le was still firmly allied with the Communists.

Then came the betrayals. The Pathet Lao began wooing Kong Le's men,



KONG LE EXERCISING

mounting quick, vicious infantry actions against his positions on the Plain of Jars in hopes of grabbing territory. When a Pathet Lao gunman shot down Kong Le's top deputy, the idealistic neutralist was well on his way to becoming a fervent anti-Communist. The Reds pulled out of the coalition government when a left-leaning minister was assassinated by a neutralist soldier.

Roses & Red Ants. Unfortunately, Premier Souvanna did not share Kong Le's new-found anti-Red sentiments, refused repeated requests to counterattack against the Pathet Lao. During the days of alliance with the Pathet Lao, Kong Le's men had been equipped with Russian tanks and guns. Now he was out of ammunition, and with U.S. military aid cut off under the terms of the latest Geneva agreement, he had to rely for supplies on jealous Rightist Phoumi, Deputy Premier in the coalition government. Kong Le got precious few supplies. His men, unpaid in nearly two years, still remained loyal, and thanks to his legendary status among the Lao, new volunteers appeared daily to fight at the side of Saththathirath.

As a result, his is a young army, its soldiers averaging about 19. "Young boys like that," says Kong Le, "they come to me, and they want to join the fight against the Communists. But first I have to tell them that we do not have enough equipment or uniforms or money for them. Then, when there is a spot, they must be handed a rifle and sent right into combat." Still they come to join up, largely because Kong Le has *chai di*—the "gentle heart," a quality that makes for intense loyalty on the part of his men, but also leaves him prey to politicians who want to use him.

Casual Kong Le sleeps and eats with his men in the field, never returns salutes (the just waves back). He raises roses and keeps pets. Two white hamsters had the run of his old, tin-roofed headquarters on the Plain of Jars. Many Laotians keep giant red and black ants in jam jars, feed them with bread, then



DURING VISIT IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA (1962)
Betrayal was a great teacher.

suffocate them in alcohol to create a supposedly aphrodisiac tonic. But Kong Le is so fond of his ants that he never has been known to drink them.

Phing Sad Lao. He probably needs no aphrodisiacs. Married four times, his latest wife, a slim, pretty Chinese girl whom he met three years ago at the market in Xiangkhoutang, occasionally sheds her sarong, leaves her sons in Vientiane and follows him on campaigns dressed in skin-tight field pants, diminutive leather combat boots and a U.S. Navy foul-weather jacket.

When the tides of war turn against him, Kong Le develops a psychosomatic sinus headache, takes to munching pills, and mournfully wishes aloud that he were in London or Paris "or anywhere that has pretty girls." But when things are going well, and he is sitting outside his shack at sundown with a deer roasting over the fire and his men dancing the *lamvong* or playing the flute, he would not give up soldiering. His thoughts turn always to his troops. "My boys, they are trained only by being in wars," Kong Le explains sadly. "We have no money or no time to train them properly. They join my army and must begin to fight then. What a difference it would make if my boys could be trained in Thailand by Americans so that they could know how to fight before they are really fighting."

Kong Le still considers himself a neutralist, says he is fighting merely to see his country left alone by all sides. His simple hope is to reunite faction-torn Laos, and thus to remove the sadness from the opening bars of the national anthem, *Phing Sad Lao*:

*Our Lao race had once known in
Asia a great renown.*

*The Lao then were united and loved
each other . . .*

Price for Prisoners. One of Kong Le's big difficulties is the help the Pathet Lao gets from the Viet Minh, who have an almost legendary reputation in Laos. Neutralist and rightist battalions have been known to flee the field at the mere hint of Viet Minh troops in the vicinity. The Pathet Lao take advantage of this by broadcasting orders in Vietnamese over their radios. Kong Le, himself an inveterate radio listener, believes fully half the 75,000 Pathet Lao forces that oppose him are Vietnamese. Actually, there are between 8,000 to 10,000 Viet Minh fighting with the Laotian Reds,



WITH WIFE AT HEADQUARTERS

mostly in training and administrative posts. Though the Laotian government has offered a reward, consisting of an expense-paid weekend in Bangkok, to any soldier who can produce a Viet Minh prisoner, none has shown up.

Thanks to intimidation and a skillful infiltration, the Pathet Lao control fully two-thirds of Laos, though no more than one Lao in ten is a Communist. The Reds succeed by chipping away at the authority of village headmen, by threatening murder and killing the cattle of villagers who do not contribute aid and comfort. Though loose-lipped Laotians are notoriously bad conspirators, Pathet Lao agents have turned many back-country officials into what the French-speaking officers call *pourris*, or rotten, villages. Most Laotians have no use for the Pathet Lao, which they call "the purry of slaves," find their incessant Marxist preachments boring, and countryfolk warn strangers away from villages *pourris* with typical Laotian indirection: "Don't go there; the mosquitoes are biting very hard."

On the Road. Last week Kong Le's ragtag army was surrounded by Red mosquitoes. His position astride the Ngun River—deep and swift in the rainy season—dominated the high ground west of the Plain of Jars. His force was bolstered by thousands of bitterly anti-Communist Meo tribesmen armed with knives, spears and homemade flintlocks, who had fled their hilly homes in the north when the Pathet Lao began slaughtering them. Anchored on both flanks by steep, jungle-grown mountains, Kong Le's 30-mile-long defense line presents the Pathet Lao with a strong front. He is sending scores of infantrymen up the slopes of Phou Kouti, a strategically located peak near the edge of the Plain. If he could secure the knob, which has changed hands three times in the past week, he hopes he could then mount an offensive into the Plain itself. But he will do well if he merely stalls further Red advances.

With his well-worn howitzers and half a dozen Russian-built tanks left over from the good old days, Kong Le controls crucial Route 7, thus keeping two Pathet Lao armies from joining

forces. If the Communist troops opposing Kong Le were to break through and join up behind him at the juncture of Routes 7 and 13, the Pathet Lao would have a clear, unopposed path to Vientiane. That would mean the end of the war in Laos.

What Will It Take? Tenuously supplied by low-flying C-46 transports, Kong Le holds on. Last week he looked longingly at the spot on his crinkled battle map that indicated the primary Pathet Lao supply point: Muong Sen, just over the border in Communist North Viet Nam, on Route 7. "The supply dumps there would make fine targets for bombs," he said wistfully, protesting, like so many other commanders in the age of limited war, against constricting "ground rules." Since the U.S. is obviously not yet willing to hit North Vietnamese targets, Kong Le hopes at least for U.S. air strikes to cut Route 7 behind the Pathet Lao. "If the bridges on Route 7 were cut for even a little while," he says, "the Pathet Lao could not hold their positions. That road provides everything they need—food, ammo, men, even the Viet Minh."

Chances are that the tough, ingenious Pathet Lao would find ways to fight on anyway. But the questions remain: Can the U.S. afford to intervene further in the little Laotian war? On the other hand, having gone this far, can it afford not to intervene? By committing itself to a sustained air offensive on Kong Le's side, the U.S. would at best be backing a long shot. Even if the disruption of the Pathet Lao supply lines permitted Kong Le to regain the Plain, it would only buy time and return the whole Laotian equation to where it was before—admittedly with the significant difference that the U.S. would have demonstrated its readiness to take a firm stand.

But there is a growing feeling in Washington that the only way to ease the chaos in Laos must come as part of an area-wide, rather than a country-by-country, solution. This would inevitably test American willingness to carry the war to North Viet Nam. Just in case that becomes necessary, five U.S. Navy cargo ships steamed toward Thailand last week loaded with tanks, trucks, armored personnel carriers and ammunition. The troops to use them could always be airlifted in.

As Kong Le mused about the long-range prospects in his thatched-roofed headquarters at Vang Vieng, guns boomed hollowly beyond the blue volcanic peaks around him. What will it take to win his war? "More soldiers," he said, "more money to pay them with, specially that, more artillery, more rifles and machine guns and mortars, more land mines—everything, should the U.S. be willing to provide that again." He shrugged. "I suppose that depends on what the U.S. wants to do in Southeast Asia. And only the U.S. can answer that question."

SOUTH VIET NAM

Unexpected Guts

While nightfall across much of South Viet Nam brought the fear of Red attack, the capital of Saigon used to sleep undisturbed. But the Viet Cong guerrillas have moved ever closer, and skirmishes occur regularly near the city's outskirts. Last week Saigon was literally jolted awake by the closest major clash yet—only twelve miles away.

Breaking a six-week lull in the war, a 600-man Viet Cong battalion stormed the district capital of Duchoa (pop. 7,000) west of Saigon before dawn, ran into determined resistance by the outnumbered, 140-man garrison. Vietnamese Rangers barricaded inside a day nursery stopped one Viet Cong company at the edge of town. When the guerrillas opened fire on two U.S.-made 105-mm. howitzers defending the local

niques the British used to win the twelve-year Malayan anti-Communist struggle. Westmoreland insisted cautiously that the job in Viet Nam could be done with "spirit, patience, and techniques seldom before experienced." Then he sat down behind Harkins' desk and got to work.

MALAYSIA

Same Old Sukarno

A summit conference used to mean a meeting of the world's top leaders.* Nowadays, just about any get-together between heads of government is billed a summit, whether it joins Tito and Nasser or Liberia's Tubman and the Upper Volta's Yamogo. Last week still another less than towering summit brought together in Tokyo Indonesia's President Sukarno, Malaysia's Premier Tunku Abdul Rahman and Philippine President



VIET CONG ATTACKERS SLAIN IN BATTLE OF DUCHOA

Closer to the capital, shorter fuses.

military headquarters, the platoon of Vietnamese artillerymen shortened their fuses to 2 sec., slammed shells into the breaches, and blasted away pointblank at anything that moved—firing an awesome 322 rounds in an hour. The barrage turned back the enemy, who left 13 dead v. the government's 15 killed. Said a surprised American adviser who arrived shortly afterward: "Somebody threw something into the balance that the Viet Cong had not expected—guts."

It was the sort of thing that had not happened often enough during the last 21 years, when General Paul D. Harkins had the difficult and troublesome post of U.S. military commander in Viet Nam. Last week Harkins, 60, left for home and retirement. His successor: Lieut. General William Childs Westmoreland, 50, West Point graduate ('36) and combat veteran of World War II and Korea. Back from a trip to Malaya, where he hopefully studied tech-

Diodado Macapagal. Agenda: "the Malaysian problem," which happens to be entirely of Sukarno's making.

Since last summer Sukarno had been waging a "crush Malaysia" guerrilla campaign, branding the new Federation a neocolonialist plot. Three times he promised to call a halt, but in fact kept pushing the bloody little jungle war. When Malaysia's Abdul Rahman refused to talk as long as fighting continued, Sukarno once again promised to withdraw his guerrillas and to have the operation supervised by neutral Thai observers. Finally last week a group of 32 ragged Indonesians marched out of northern Borneo through a Thai-supervised border checkpoint. Shouted the departing Indonesian warriors: "Long

* Like many another verbal ducat, the term was coined by Sir Winston Churchill, who in 1953 called for a "summit of nations" to settle East-West differences.

Next picture, Harry gets on and Louise pushes...

Do some situations demand the Polaroid Color Pack Camera—or does the camera create the situations?

It's probably a toss-up. Somehow funny things seem funnier when you see the pictures in a minute. And when you look back later, you realize the camera was all part of the fun. So out it comes again...





American-Standard

helps industry in its fight to clear the air

The world's tallest smokestack, 800 feet high, will soon rise at the Tennessee Valley Authority's new Bull Run steam plant. A stack that big could discharge hundreds of tons of fly ash each day. But it won't. American-Standard is building one of the world's largest electrostatic precipitators to clean the smoke before it leaves the stack. It is many tons lighter, physically smaller and considerably less expensive than other precipitators that met the specifications. Another example of how American-Standard engineering and design are solving problems in many different fields.



AMERICAN-Standard

GAS CLEANING, SPACE PRODUCTS, AIR HANDLING, NUCLEAR FUELS, PIG IRON, CONTROLS, INSTRUMENTS, HEAT EXCHANGERS, FLUID DRIVES, MOLDED PLASTICS, PLUMBING, HEATING, AIR CONDITIONING

live Thailand, long live Malaya, long live Sukarno."

Rahman accepted this withdrawal as a token, even though several hundred more guerrillas remained behind in northern Borneo, and the Tokyo talks got under way—but not for long. Macapagal proposed a four-nation Afro-Asian conciliation commission to mediate the dispute. Fine, said Sukarno playfully. How about Red China as one of the mediating powers? He did not insist on that condition, and Rahman was ready to accept mediation, provided the Indonesian guerrillas were called off. This Sukarno refused. In the end, the three leaders could only agree to turn over Macapagal's proposal to their subordinates. After the summit's failure, Sukarno hastened home, explaining: "We can't keep the wives waiting." In Indonesia the recruiting of guerrillas continued.

SOUTH KOREA

Academic Exit

There are various ways of dealing with politicians who have become embarrassing to their countries. Bao Dai, former Emperor of Viet Nam, was exiled to his Riviera villa. Korea's old Syngman Rhee was dispatched to tend a garden in Honolulu. Russia's Georgy Malenkov was placed in charge of a power plant in Kazakhstan. Now a far more original idea has appeared in South Korea. Kim Chong Pil, Seoul's widely hated behind-the-scenes strongman, is being sent to Harvard.

Kim, 38, who was head of the ruling Democratic-Republican Party as well as boss of South Korea's CIA, hastened his own downfall when in a government re-

shuffle last month he continued to get his supporters into key jobs. This open power grab made him the principal target of violent student rioting, which ended only after President Chung Hee Park proclaimed martial law and fired Kim, his nephew by marriage. Park repeated the familiar promises to ferret out corruption, banned the use of government limousines to take the families of officials on outings and their children to school, and ordered a stop to all non-essential building. The government also launched a "help-your-neighbor" charity drive to raise money for the poor. But none of this silenced the clamor of the opposition for Kim's expulsion from Korea.

At this point, U.S. Ambassador Samuel Berger (University of Wisconsin '33) produced a convenient face-saving device in the form of an invitation for Kim to attend a seven-week Harvard seminar on politics and economics conducted by Professor Henry Kissinger. Promptly, Kim and his pretty wife were escorted aboard a jetliner that took them to Japan on the first lap of their journey to the Charles River.

JAPAN

The Good-Luck City

The 346,000 inhabitants of the seaport of Niigata, 160 miles north of Tokyo, have long regarded themselves as fortunate. In earthquake-prone Japan, Niigata had never been hit by a temblor. During World War II, Niigata suffered only minor U.S. air raids. On the August day in 1945 when the atom bomb was first dropped on Japan, Niigata was the alternate target in case of bad weather. But the skies that day had been clear over Hiroshima. Small wonder, Niigata was known as the "Good-Luck City."

At 1:02 p.m. one day last week, Niigata's luck changed. Said one survivor: "The ground rose up as though a giant had awakened underground and was trying to get out into the sunlight." The shock of the earthquake tumbled a brand-new bridge into the Shinano River. For a few moments the river ran backward, broke through embankments and flooded half the city. A four-story apartment house slowly fell over on its back, carrying with it a terrified housewife who had been hanging laundry on the roof. When the rolling stopped, she stepped to the ground, unhurt, as were the other residents of the house.

At the airport, Photographer Fukuo Yuminamochi, 27, was about to take off in a private Cessna. "We were warming up at the end of the runway," he recalls. "Suddenly, there was a rumbling noise over the sound of the engine, and the plane began jumping around as if it were fighting turbulence in the sky. I watched the terminal building crack open at the sides and sag to earth." Dozens of oil tanks on the city's outskirts burst into flame, sending up columns of choking black smoke 20,000



TILTED NIIGATA BUILDING AFTER QUAKE
When the giant awakened.

ft. high. The tanks burned for 96 hours, despite efforts by U.S. planes to smother the flames with foam bombs. A tidal wave hurled fishing boats far inland. A nearby island rose 9 ft. in a series of jolts, as if a giant were using a lever. Tunnels caved in; a train was buried beneath the collapse of an overpass.

Officials put the damage at over a billion dollars and estimate they will be rebuilding the city for the next two years. Yet Niigata had not exhausted all its luck. Only 27 people died and 403 were injured—a miraculously low figure for an earthquake that measured 7.7 on the Richter scale, only slightly less than Japan's worst, the 7.9 temblor of 1923 that killed 142,807.

THE CONGO

Is Anyone in Control?

A heartening sight to the Congo's government soldiers these days is that model T of an airplane, the T-28 trainer. Rigged with rockets and 50-cal. machine guns, half a dozen of the U.S.-donated aircraft have proved to be lethal weapons against the ragged rebels who are undermining the shaky regime of Premier Cyrille Adoula on the eve of the U.N.'s departure June 30.

What caused some embarrassment in Washington last week was not the planes but their pilots. For it was finally common knowledge that the men in the cockpits have been U.S. citizens (the same type of plane is being used by the Laotian government against the Pathet Lao, is also occasionally flown by Americans). At the controls of one T-28 operating in the Ruzizi Valley near the Congo's eastern frontier recently was a lanky, 30-year-old ex-Marine pilot named Ed Dearborn from Gardena, Calif. His partner, also flying four flights a day to strafe the rebels,



KIM & WIFE DEPARTING SEOUL
When the Kissinger had to start.

was another American, Don Coney. They are civilians, technically listed as hired hands of the harassed Leopoldville government.

Anarchy in Albertville. At first denying that American pilots were directly involved in the Congo fighting, the State Department then claimed it had been misled. U.S. mercenaries had indeed been flying missions, a spokesman admitted. But he hastily added that Americans would not be used again. This seemed accurate enough, for Dearborn and Coney last week headed back to Leopoldville to help train replacements—a dozen anti-Castro Cuban volunteers, most of them survivors of the Bay of Pigs fiasco, who have gone to the Congo to provide some kind of air support for Adoula's faltering army. Within a week, they will head east toward the fighting zones.

They will get there none too soon.

JOSEPH W. HENRI



GENERAL MOBUTU
Advancing back to chaos.

for revolt flared in yet another important town in the Congo's anarchic east. It was in Albertville, capital of North Katanga, where only a month ago the government managed to regain control from dissident rebels. Now once again, the streets of Albertville were alive with armed insurgents; scores of whites gathered at the tiny airport in hopes of evacuation, while others took refuge on two steamers anchored offshore in Lake Tanganyika. Where was Adoula's army? Also seeking safety, by all accounts. When last seen, elements of the local garrison were heading swiftly for the bush.

Save Your General! This had also been the frustrating pattern farther north, in the Kivu region, where for weeks, shouting, spear-waving rebels had threatened Bukavu, the biggest town (pop. 33,500) of the eastern Congo. Government troops clearly had the weapons and the manpower to deal harshly with the marauders: yet each time the army units tried to push down the Ruzizi Valley toward the terrorist headquarters at Uvira, they scattered

in fright at the first sight of a rebel band. It took the T-28s—and the presence of Army Commander General Joseph Mobutu himself—to rally any kind of organized campaign.

Flying in from Leopoldville, the plucky Mobutu collected as many soldiers as he could find and strode down a highway in defiance of snipers' bullets to win control of a village 25 miles south of Bukavu. "Advance! Advance! If only to save your general!" exhorted an officer. Ahead, Dearborn and Coney were making strafing passes in their T-28s to keep the rebels scattered. It worked reasonably well, but when Mobutu and the T-28s headed back for Leopoldville, the army's drive stopped, and the rebels were free to begin their marauding again.

As in North Katanga and other Congolese trouble spots, the Kivu rebellion is manned largely by local youths who nurse vague grudges against the government. But in Kivu at least—and perhaps elsewhere—powerful support



comes from neighboring Burundi, where Communist Chinese diplomats are in close touch with Congolese refugee leaders who call themselves the "Committee of National Liberation for Eastern Congo." From Bujumbura, Burundi's capital, Liberation Committee "President" Emile Soumailot and his "commissars" travel over the border to the rebels' Uvira headquarters at will, carrying supplies, money and orders to their field commanders.

Whistle's Blast. It is not at all clear how much real control the leaders have over their ragged followers, as TIME Correspondent Jon Randal and other newsmen discovered in a visit to rebel territory. They were accompanied by two commissars, one of them being State Commissar for Information, Security and Press Martin Kassongo.

The visitors were hardly across the frontier when their Volkswagen was surrounded by some 50 highly nervous rebel troops carrying pangas, clubs and spears, their uniforms ranging from European suit coats to shorts and grass skirts. From their midst emerged a goateed man known only as "Major," clad in green fatigue pants and a splendid monkey-skin bush hat. Commissars or no commissars, the major was not

going to let the newsmen continue into the rebel area, angrily denounced Americans because the T-28 planes had attacked only that morning. Offered a pacifying cigarette, the major drew himself up with great dignity and replied, "No, thank you. I am a Protestant."

There were more anti-American speeches, and the warriors began closing in. "Vox populi, vox dei," announced one of their officers cryptically. The major kept muttering, "Be confident. We are diplomats," but Commissar Kassongo was terrified. Before heading back to Burundi, he shouted: "I am being threatened by the masses. Give me protection!" It was a cry that will be heard elsewhere in the Congo during the weeks ahead.

If Kivu and North Katanga were the Congo's only trouble spots, matters might be kept reasonably under control. But they are not. Back in the west, Kwilu province is still harassed by Pierre Mulele's Red-backed rebellion; in Stanleyville and Maniema province, the government holds control by a hair, and could be upset at any time. The two battalions that General Mobutu has committed in Kivu are the last remaining government troops available for emergency duty. If the flame of revolt erupts anywhere else, it will simply have to burn itself out—or else spread across the whole country.

ALGERIA

Back from Development

French troopships steamed out of Algiers' harbor last week, and the Tricolor on the Admiralty Building was replaced by the green-and-white banner of Algeria. In a nationwide broadcast, President Ahmed ben Bella cried, "This important event reaffirms our national sovereignty and consolidates our independence!"

The departure, 134 years after the first French soldiers landed, was the last step of France's retreat from Algeria—well, almost the last. Some French troops still remain at the big Mers-el-Kebir naval base and at Saharan bases, but Ben Bella promised his countrymen that a "solution will be found."

Unanswered by Ben Bella was how Algeria will fare without the French. The stores in Algiers look prosperous and there are still so many cars that parking is difficult. But business is bad, and getting worse. Early this month one big department store chain closed its outlets in Algiers and four other cities. A staggering two-thirds of the work force is either unemployed or underemployed, fully half of Algeria's \$525 million budget comes from foreign aid. Most of the food distributed is the gift of the U.S., while the government-regulated press fumes about U.S. imperialism, not to mention segregation.

On all sides there are appeals for greater efforts in building socialism. There has been a 30% decline in the

Avis is No.1 in Poughkeepsie. And already we've had a few complaints.



The light that failed.

Not long ago, our man in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., phoned us. "We're top dog," he said.

He sounded cocky.

Since then, we've watched Jack Newman closely.

He's already let through one dud signal light. Maybe he'll graduate to empty gas tanks.

But success hasn't done him much harm—yet.

His service is still snappy and the Fords he rents are as new as they come. (Like Avis people who are only No. 2, he doesn't run his cars past 20,000 miles.)

A few more complaints from you Poughkeepsie people, though, and we may have to put in someone a little less complacent.

So watch it, Jack.

output of nationalized industries since 1962 and a drastic fall in production on the farms seized from French owners when they fled the country. Because of mismanagement, storage vats are filled with millions of gallons of wine from last year's harvest, and there is no room to store this year's crop. Anti-government bands roam the mountains of Kabylia, and last month a clumsy attempt was made on Ben Bella's life. So far, Ben Bella has maintained control through his ingenuity in sowing discord among his foes and by frightening the masses with the prospect of civil war if he is overthrown. The situation is summed up by a wry Western joke heard in the cafés: "Algeria is a developed country that is moving toward underdevelopment."

COMMUNISTS

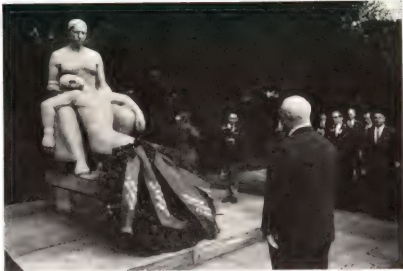
Traveling Act

Nikita Khrushchev never worries about the dangers of "overexposure." While Western statesmen make quick flying visits abroad, Nikita stays for weeks and weeks. Last week, as he arrived in Copenhagen for an 18-day journey through Scandinavia, it was quickly clear that his once effective act as the heavily charming, frank and shrewd Russian cornball has grown stale. It was his 52nd foreign voyage since he took power a decade ago, and the style was still the same, but the welcoming crowds were scanty and almost silent.

As Nikita made his way down the gangplank of the blue and white Soviet ship *Bashkiria* that had brought him, Wife Nina and 40 others across the Baltic, he glimpsed the handsome wife of Premier Jens Otto Krag, who used to be one of Denmark's best-known actresses. Pushing toward her, Khrushchev cried, "I've brought some bread for you, my girl," recalling the fondness for Ukrainian bread she had expressed during the Krag's trip to Moscow last February.

Within a matter of hours he had laid a wreath on a Danish war memorial, bussed a classroomful of kindergarten mites (who squealed "We want Khrushy!"), urged total disarmament to anyone who would listen, heavily-handedly told Danish shipyard workers how to strike against their employers, and promised to tear up his party card if Russia does not solve its food-growing problems by 1970 or so. At a school, Khrushchev jovially declined a cigar offered him by a woman teacher ("I am not old enough to smoke"), but accepted a glass of vermouth. That was about the strongest thing Khrushchev drank all week, and he wanted to make it quite clear that he was still on the wagon—and perhaps that is why he seemed so dull.

Touring a farm on the island of Fyn, a rich beef and pork area, Khrushchev irritated his hosts slightly by saying, "I



KHRUSHCHEV CONTEMPLATING DANISH WORLD WAR II MEMORIAL

A better show off the wagon.

saw your wonderful farms today, but I saw nothing that I would care to take home with me. You have such small farms. Our farms are big." When the swarms of photographers crowded too close around him, Khrushchev got furious: "These barbarians would scare the devil, let alone the cows," he said. "Let the bull at them!"

In the confusion, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko stepped in a pile of cow dung, and the alarmed cows trotted off to a distant corner of the pasture. Finally one Red Danish stood still long enough to be patted on the nose by the Russian leader. "That cow doesn't seem frightened of Communism," chuckled the owner of the farm. "Of course not," snapped Khrushchev. "All cows know Communism is their friend."

Cows may know it, but what about people?

GREAT BRITAIN

The Future of Half the World

With elections due in the fall, both major parties in Britain were beginning to nip at one another's heels. There was not all that much to argue about. Labor M.P. James Callaghan, economics spokesman in the shadow cabinet, rose in the Commons to express shock at the hardly startling discovery that several large corporations were funneling money into Conservative Party coffers. For their part, the Tories were trying to force Labor to discuss details of its plans for nationalization, which Harold Wilson's men have been deliberately vague about; in the end, Deputy Leader George Brown repeated an earlier pledge to bring steel, truck transport and much urban land under government ownership or control.

On defense policy, Wilson scathingly attacked the government's "pathetic

idea" that the decision "to hire Polaris missiles from the U.S." has any serious influence on the course of events. But there was accord between Conservatives and Labor on at least one issue. At one with Labor on China policy, Prime Minister Douglas-Home declared: "Far better that China should be in the United Nations, that there should be increased contact between the West and China, and that China should be gradually weaned away, as we have weaned the Russians away, from this policy of including force in Communist doctrine."

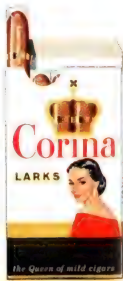
It might be done through increased trade, added Sir Alec. "I have persisted in my view, put rather crudely perhaps, that a fat Communist is to be preferred to a thin Communist."

The view with variations had its adherents across the Atlantic. In a commencement address at St. John's University in Jamaica, L.I., former U.S. Ambassador to Italy Clare Boothe Luce warned that Red China, now "isolated militarily and economically by both U.S.S.R. and U.S. policy," might turn desperately aggressive. In Southeast Asia, said she, "we must hold firm even if it becomes necessary to wield a nuclear stick over the head of Mao Tse-tung." But, added Speaker Luce, there are other ways to stop Chinese expansionism: "For example, what argument can be made for our present policy of trading with the Russians or selling them wheat that cannot also be made for trading with Red China, and feeding her far hungrier and far more desperate people? Long before the young men in this audience are old, China will account for half the population of the whole world. We must soon find ways of living at peace with half the human race, or your generation will know nothing but endless war in the Orient."



Imagine my wife telling me to go out and have a Lark

As a beginning cigar smoker I had the best reason in the world to have myself a Lark. The Corina Lark makes it easy to start smoking cigars. The Lark's flavorful enough so you're never teased into inhaling. Yet it's mild . . . mild enough for even a first-time cigar smoker to enjoy. This kind of mildness is what new smokers search for and expert cigar smokers have found—in Corina Larks. That's why they're the largest selling 15¢ cigar most everywhere. Switching to cigars was a good idea. Switching up to Corina was an even better one. Go out and have a Lark. Your wife will probably approve, too.



$$\begin{aligned}
 h_{i+1} &= S_i + \frac{F_i}{H_i} & T_i &= f_2(h_{i-2}, h_{i0}, T_i, W, U_i, \sigma_{i-2}) \\
 \sigma_{i+1} &= \frac{E}{L} \int (v_i - v_i) dt & HP_i &= \frac{T_i U_i / k_i}{33,000} \\
 F_i &= f_1(h_{i+1}, h_{i0}, T_i, W, U_i, \sigma_{i-2})
 \end{aligned}$$

decisions, decisions, decisions

This is steel, rolling toward a customer at 2300 feet a minute. You cannot rely on human calculations for quality control at a time like this. So we've automated our hot strip mill to control itself. These mill "stands" are a mere eighteen feet apart. But between them lies a world of lightning fast calculation by electronic brain. Precise control like this helps us deliver better steels. Faster. More efficiently.



THE HEMISPHERE

COLOMBIA

The Backlands Violence Is Almost Ended

The orders read like the work of a bored general trying to inject a little life into a standard peacetime troop maneuver: the Colombian army and air force were to invade, conquer and hold the "Independent Republic of Marquetalia," a 1,400-sq.-mi. enemy enclave deep in the Andean highlands 170 miles southwest of Bogotá. But this war is real, and so is Marquetalia. Colombians know it as the stronghold of Pedro Antonio Marin, 34, alias "Tiro Fijo" (Sure Shot), last of the country's bigtime bandit chieftains.

Communist Country. By wiping out Tiro Fijo, Colombia would just about end the savage backlands violence that began in 1948 as a feud between the country's Liberals and Conservatives. But catching Sure Shot is no sure thing. Reared in poverty and squalor, he drifted into a Communist guerrilla band in the early 1950s. By 1960 he had his own gang, and moved his family and followers onto a 10,000-acre hacienda near the foot of snow-topped Mount Huila—after killing the hacienda's owner. From his new home Tiro Fijo began taking over all neighboring haciendas, establishing Communist cells throughout the area, indoctrinating peasants, levying a monthly head tax and collecting up to 30% of farmers' profits. His bandit gang numbered some 250 men; to the area's 6,000 population, he was the only law.

Busy with outbreaks of banditry elsewhere, the federal government let the

remote coffee-growing land slip away by default. Marquetalia paid no taxes, and death awaited any police or military force rash enough to cross its borders. Last December Tiro Fijo and his men ambushed an army patrol, killing six soldiers. All told, the army credited him with 200 murders.

Two-Stage Assault. The army started planning Tiro Fijo's downfall months ago. Combat units were divided into small, tightly organized teams, given extensive training in anti-guerrilla warfare. To backstop the military campaign, new roads, schools and other civic-action projects were planned to draw the peasants closer to the government. The offensive began four weeks ago as units of five battalions—totaling 3,500 men—poured into Marquetalia.

Flitting through the thickly wooded mountainsides, Tiro Fijo's men fought half a dozen bitter skirmishes. But in the deadly game of hide-and-seek, the guerrilla-wise soldiers came out on top, pressed steadily on toward Tiro Fijo's hacienda headquarters. Early one morning last week, a fleet of helicopters airlifted 170 crack troops into position surrounding the hacienda. The desperate Communists opened fire from underbrush and foxholes. In the three-hour fight, they wounded only one soldier; finally Tiro Fijo put the hacienda to torch and retreated into the mountains. That night his men ambushed an army patrol, killing two soldiers; four nights later they killed four more.

But "Operation Marquetalia" was virtually complete. The yellow-blue-and-red Colombian flag now flew over the area for the first time in its history. Tiro Fijo himself was holed up with 50 to 80 men in a narrow canyon six miles from his old base, and at week's end two army pincer columns were closing in for the kill.

BRAZIL

Pffft!

Rio de Janeiro's parking problem is about as acute as New York's might be if everybody drove to work. Since there are no parking lots, garages or meters, and since Rio traffic cops have always regarded parked cars with compassion, Rio motorists park anywhere. They double park and triple park; they park on sidewalks, in crosswalks, at intersections, on center islands. Every place but on top of another car. Now Brazil's revolutionaries are taking the matter in hand—the stern hand of Air Force Colonel Americo Fontenele, 43, Rio's new traffic director.

With the righteous indignation of a Renault-owner boxed in between two Buicks, Fontenele commenced by hiring a fleet of trucks to tow off all illegally parked cars. When police garages were full, offending cars were simply

stashed away on isolated streets. No records were kept of what went where. If the car was in a police pound, the owner paid maybe a \$4 fine; if it wasn't—shrug. One army captain waited that it took him three days of searching to find his Volkswagen; other owners found that vandals had followed the tow trucks, stripped their cars bare.

Colonel Fontenele was only warming up. When he learned that parking violators were escaping before the tow



RIO COPS AT WORK ON THE VALVES
Deflating the town.

trucks arrived, he sent his men through downtown Rio to descend on the front tires of illegally parked cars, unscrew the valves—and pffft! "Vandalism," cried Rio papers in shocked unison, quoting eminent jurists' opinions that "Operation Pffft!" was illegal. "This campaign will continue until motorists begin to cooperate with the authorities," answered Fontenele.

Pffft went the tires of the Ghana Ambassador, three federal Congressmen, one state assemblyman, and a plainclothes detective shadowing a suspect. One squad of cops was discovered gleefully flattening the tires of 35 legally parked cars, until someone pointed out the error. When police moved in on six illegally parked official cars they almost came to blows with some marines on guard; a squad of battle-dressed tommy gunners was eventually called up to protect the wheels' wheels.

Fontenele remains airily unperturbed. Traffic is moving right along these days, and the colonel is now prohibiting parking on almost every main street. "The public is on my side," says the colonel, "except those, of course, who have had their tires flattened."



FLAG RAISING AT MARQUETALIA
Closing the pincers.



GOVERNOR LUYT
One stop short of anarchy.

BRITISH GUIANA

A New Boss

At last the British had no choice but to take control of their race-torn little South American colony. After five months of continued violence between 295,000 East Indians, led by Marxist Premier Cheddi Jagan, and 190,000 Jagan-hating Negroes, Britain's Governor Sir Richard Luyt announced that he was assuming emergency power in British Guiana to prevent further bloodshed. He also ordered the arrest and detention of 35 leading troublemakers—all but two of them members of Jagan's People's Progressive Party. Temporarily at least, Cheddi Jagan and his Communism-spouting wife Janet were out of business.

In the most recent clashes between the races, 15 have been killed and scores injured. The worst horror was played out in the Georgetown capital when terrorists fire-bombed the home of a mulatto anti-Jagan civil servant, killing him and seven of his children. On radio next day, Governor Luyt (pronounced late) reported that Jagan and his ministers had refused to impose curfews, refused to permit military searches for terrorists, and had not muzzled race-baiting radio broadcasts. Said the Governor: The security force of 1,200 British troops, 600 "volunteer" troops and 1,600 local police "will be firm. They will also be fair. The position now is that the Governor and not the ministers will handle the emergency."

Some of Jagan's opponents welcomed Luyt's action as "the only one that can prevent the country from falling into a final stage of anarchy." Predictably, Jagan cried imperialism and condemned it as "a dark mark on Britain's all-dirty record as a colonial power." His followers warned that he might call for countrywide civil disobedience. If he does, Jagan himself is almost certain to land in jail.

VENEZUELA

Subversion Sì, Study No

Latin America's troublesome students go out on strike at the pop of a fire-cracker: against the government, for Cuba, to oust professors, or anything else that catches their fancy. Last week, on the eve of final exams, the 18,725 students at Caracas' Central University were on strike for a brand-new reason: the right to flunk forever and still remain in school.

Students of Venezuela's state-supported universities won flunking privileges in the euphoric period following the 1958 ouster of Dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez. The government guaranteed admission without an entrance exam to any high school graduate, and wiped out all penalties for failure except a nominal fee for repeating a course. The result was chaos. While academic standards tumbled, the university became a base for communists and subversives. They were rarely seen in class, and their ages ran well into the 30s. All during turbulent 1963, Castroite F.A.L.N. terrorists took refuge on the campus—which is off limits to police. Recently, Castroite students beat up two policemen found on campus; and two others were forced to kneel and beg for their lives.

The cult of university autonomy is so strong in Latin America that the Venezuelan government is reluctant to put the campus under ordinary law. But it is trying to do something about students obviously uninterested in learning. Last month the University Council began a crackdown, adopting a "repeater's rule," which expels any engineering student failing two subjects twice or one subject three times. Rector Jesus María Bianco thinks that the reform, modest though it seems, is long overdue. And he intends to make it stick.

HAITI

"What Is Called Democracy"

The scraps of paper came in pink, red, green, blue and yellow. But they all said the same thing: "Citizen Dr. François Duvalier, President of the Republic, will exercise for life his high functions according to Article 92 of the present constitution. Does this conform to your wishes? And do you ratify it?" At the bottom, in big black letters, was the word *oui*.

In Haiti last week Duvalier was holding a "popular referendum" before he assumed office for life. It was only proper, said "Papa Doc," because "we have what is called a democracy." But in the dank, dark Caribbean nation, where almost 90% of the 4,500,000 population could not read the ballot, even Lou Harris could have predicted the outcome. Eight hours before the polls closed, the little doctor-turned-dictator appeared on the balcony of the presidential palace and graciously conceded victory. "Duvalier has won the

battle," he told the obedient crowd. "He is already elected. I accept no one else in front of myself."

There is still a smattering of opposition to Duvalier in Haiti. Once in a while someone scratches "Caca Doc" (a Creole obscenity) instead of Papa Doc on the wall, and in a Port-au-Prince bar last week a sudden upper-class mulatto suddenly raised his voice: "How long must we stand here and suffer and be killed?" But most Haitians have resigned themselves to a numbing life under Duvalier. The dictator's 5,000-man *Tonton Macoute* roams the country ferreting out opposition and collecting "donations" from terrified businessmen. Even Duvalier's own henchmen live in mortal fear. Using Haiti's pervasive voodoo mysticism, Duvalier has set himself up as the pseudo religion's top practitioner, and fearsome tales that he performs ghoulish rites on severed vital organs of his enemies flutter like bats through Port-au-Prince.

The U.S. has tried everything short of intervention to bring about a change in Haiti. It has cut off all aid, pulled out its ambassador, even sent a Navy task force to steam around outside the three-mile limit for a few weeks. But Duvalier remained unmoved, and in the meantime Haiti's economy went from bad to worse. On paper, per capita income is \$70 a year, lowest in the hemisphere; the real figure may be as low as \$15. Now, to alleviate at least a little of the misery, the dollars are flowing again: \$2,360,000 in Inter-American Development Bank funds for a drinking-water project, frequent liberty visits by U.S. Navy vessels, Ambassador Benson E. L. Timmons III, 48, mindful that a dozen embassy officials have been declared *personae non gratae* in the past 63 years, is restricting his activities merely to "what is proper."

SHOPPING IN PORT-AU-PRINCE





CHRYSLER'S ALL-NEW ECONOMY CAR

Compare the 5-year/50,000-mile warranty* on Simca 1000's vital engine and drive train parts with these other import warranties:

Volkswagen . . .	6 months or 6,000 miles
Renault . . .	12 months or 12,000 miles
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Who's the leader now? Simca 1000. No other economy import carries a warranty on these parts for even half as long. Simca 1000—Chrysler's all-new economy car. Great performer, best protected. **Only \$1595.****

HERE ARE THE FACTS: Chrysler Motors Corporation warrants all of the following vital parts of the Simca 1000 for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, during which time any such parts that prove defective in material or workmanship will be replaced or repaired at an Authorized Simca Dealer's place of business without charge for such parts or labor, engine block, head and internal parts, water pump, intake manifold, Trans-Axle parts and rear wheel bearings.

HERE'S ALL YOU MUST DO: Give your car this normal care—change engine oil and retorque the cylinder head at first 600 miles and thereafter change engine oil every 3 months or every 4,000 miles, whichever comes first; clean oil separator every 8 months (spring and fall); clean carburetor; air filter every 8 months and replace it every 2 years; and clean the crankcase ventilator valve oil filter cap and change Trans-Axle lubricant every 6 months or 8,000 miles, whichever comes first, AND every 6 months furnish evidence of this required service to an Authorized Simca Dealer or other Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer and request him to certify receipt of such evidence and your car's mileage. Simple enough for such important protection.

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price East Coast POE including heater, excluding state and local taxes, if any, and destination charges. Whitewalls optional, extra.

SIMCA DIVISION



CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

PEOPLE

The mighty New York Yankees, those bankers of baseball, were giving away 20,000 free tickets—and to New York taxi drivers at that. With each pair of ducats went a letter from General Manager **Ralph Houk**, 44, telling how the Yanks ("a great New York institution") wanted to "do something for another great New York institution." The Yanks could use some friends: the National League's happy-go-sloppy Mets were outdrawing them at home 3 to 2.

Mirza Asadullah Khan Ghalib and Mir Taqi Mir are not exactly U.S. household words. But Minute Rice is, and it is the wish of its inventor, Afghan Immigrant **Ataullah K. Ozai-Durrani**, that the two little-known 19th century Persian poets roll trippingly off American tongues. Ozai-Durrani's will, probated six weeks after his death at 66 in Denver, leaves more than half of his \$1,000,000 estate to Harvard "or some such nonprofit institution" to translate the poets' works into English and underwrite biographies. Ozai-Durrani's lawyers are being besieged by half a dozen nonprofits anxious to investigate, but Harvard is ahead by a Yard.

Descending from a Pan American thrift flight in Honolulu, **Lynda Bird Johnson**, 20, was nearly strangled by a nest of welcoming leis. "I can't see," she said plaintively. They kept coming. "I can't stand another one." So it went, for the eight days of her Hawaiian visit, through speech giving, sightseeing and skindiving: an embarrassment of riches, from feathered gourds to a monkey-pod tray, and an even more embarrassing swarm of aloha photographers. She banned one from a luau for snapping her in a bathing suit, wailed at others, "I can't stand up, I'm sinking," when they asked her to pose in spike heels on a soggy lawn. She even tried to

elude them when a gift Indian sari was wound about her dress. "It's like taking pictures of me in a bathtub," she chirped. "Y'all wait till I have it on."

Her late husband, New York Senator and Governor **Herbert H. Lehman**, was a Williams man, class of 1899, and so **Edith Altschul Lehman**, 75, gave the college \$1,250,000 in his memory—largest personal gift in the school's 171-year history.

Perhaps there were a few more castles than necessary, and please, everybody, not another silver tray. But duplication in sterling is the sort of challenge any June bride adores coping with, and it looks like **Peggy Goldwater**, 20, Barry's younger daughter, will be back to the store in '64. When Peggy

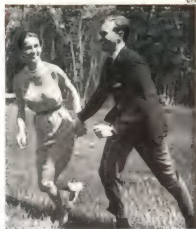


PEGGY GOLDWATER
Duplicating in sterling.

marries **Richard Arlen Holt**, 26, a junior executive with California's Wilshire Oil Co., in Phoenix's Trinity Episcopal Cathedral this week, the Senator will be on hand to give her away, though many of her father's political friends, she says, "will be too busy to attend."

"If you prick me, do I not bleed?" asked Shakespearean **Richard Burton**, 38, paraphrasing *Shylock*. Burton does, frighteningly, for as he explained in Manhattan last week, he has suffered all his life from a mild form of "bleeder's disease," or hemophilia. Recently recruited by the National Hemophilia Foundation, he announced the formation of a **Richard Burton Hemophilia Fund**, with Wife **Liz** as chairman, to aid research on the disease.

Mary Caroline d'Erlanger, 24, daughter of BOAC's late chief, Sir Gerard d'Erlanger, prefers the nickname **Minnie**. Her fiancé, **Winston Spencer Churchill**, 23, on the other hand, strenuously resists **Winnie**, and as anyone who has tangled with his grandfather



D'ERLANGER & CHURCHILL
Resisting strenuously.

can testify, Churchills are stubborn. **Randolph's** Oxford-educated son has other family traits: 1) a fondness for travel and journalism that last year sent him on a four-month tour of 40 African and Middle Eastern countries, will result in a book, *First Journey*, due in the U.S. in January; 2) freckles; and 3) a hankering eventually to go into politics ("That is what all Churchills do"). Meanwhile, **Minnie** and **Winston** are busy choosing a London church and July day for the wedding.

Don't let nobody say Tennessee don't stand by its own. When Memphis radio station **WHBQ** announced a contest for most popular rock-'n'-roll singer, and some misguided teen-agers sent in a parcel of votes for their furrin Beatles, the five-man city commission tabled its budget debate and unanimously adopted a resolution "calling on all citizens of Memphis and elsewhere to support **Elvis Presley** in this contest." Explained Mayor **William B. Ingram Jr.**, "More than any other person, Elvis has carried abroad with him a fine reputation for Memphis. I hope some day we find an appropriate means of recognizing him, such as naming the new city colosseum for him."

Viking princes have claimed the sea as their domain since the days of **Leif Ericson**, and Norway's debonair **Crown Prince Harald**, 27, has salty blue in his veins. A deep-water sailor from the age of eight and Norway's kingpin skipper for the past decade, Harald was named by the Royal Yacht Club to represent his country in the 5.5-meter yacht class at the 1964 Olympics. Sailing the *Fram III*, designed by U.S. Master Draftsman **Bill Lunders**, Harald is rated a good bet for a medal of some sort, but it had better be gold if he is to maintain status in court circles. Both his father, **King Olaf**, and his good friend, **Greece's King Constantine**, hold gold medals for sailing won at the Olympics of 1928 and 1960.

At the Mt. Kisco, N.Y., home of his mother, now Mrs. **Leland Hayward**.



LYNDA BIRD JOHNSON
Sinking in spike heels.



Please remove your olive.

it's lime time

It's summer and Rose's is here! Don't you know what happens when you add Rose's Lime Juice to gin or vodka? Instead of a martini, you have a gimlet.

This gimlet is far posier and more candied than summer cocktails and usually makes a mess of them anyway. It's for thirsty people. We have outrageous food and bars with it in it, it's a tropical drink that gets its cocktail taste from the sweetest and juiciest limes Rose's uses. These are grown only in the West Indies.

Cocktails are made with just Rose's to four or five parts gin or vodka. You drink gimlets all year round, of course. But summer is an especially ornate time to get started. You may never eat an olive again.



モシ

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The new cable connects the U. S. mainland with Japan by way of Hawaii, Midway, Wake, and Guam. Bell System's modern cable ship, *C.S. Long Lines*, laid the section of the cable from Hawaii to Japan.

New station-to-station rate. The cost for telephoning from the U. S. mainland to Japan

*モシ モシ means "hello" in Japanese

Top:
Japanese shrine,
Miyajima

Middle:
Silk washing
industry, Kyoto

Bottom:
Girl in front
of Kaminari Gate,
Tokyo



モシ*

clearly as you call across town

is lower than ever. Just \$9 (\$6.75 on Sunday) plus tax, for the first three minutes, station to station, subject to government approval.

Whenever you want to be in touch with anyone, the world over, telephone. It's quick, convenient, and personal. And it's the next best thing to being there.

Facts about the new transpacific cable

Length: 7,700 nautical miles.

Cost: About \$110 million, shared with Hawaiian Telephone Company, KDD Company of Japan and RCA Communications, Inc.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

YOU CAN TELEPHONE ALL OVER THE WORLD

Route
of new
transpacific
cable

HAWAII

CALIFORNIA



Top:
Asakusa
Denshin garden,
Tokyo

Middle:
Statue of
goddess Kannon

Bottom:
Ginza at night,
Tokyo



This is the Open World of L·O·F glass



L·O·F Parallel-O-Grey® plate glass in the new headquarters of the Michigan Consolidated Gas Company, Detroit. Architect: Minoru Yamasaki.

Inspiring view for a company with vision. When you're working in a room that seems to stretch from Detroit to Canada, how can you help but think a little bigger.

(Maybe we should patent the "Open World of L·O·F Glass" as an executive horizon extender.)



THE QUALITY MAKES
IT WORTH NOTICING

You'll find Open World design everywhere today — from buildings like this new headquarters for Michigan Consolidated Gas Company to New York's Lincoln Center. Enjoy it. Glass makes it possible. L·O·F makes it practical. L·O·F glass distributors make it available everywhere. **Libbey-Owens-Ford** TOLEDO, OHIO

THE LAW

THE SUPREME COURT

Extending the Fifth

"The American system of criminal prosecution," wrote Justice William Brennan, "is accusatorial, not inquisitorial, and the Fifth Amendment is its essential mainstay." With those words, Brennan last week announced the Supreme Court's decision to reverse the contempt conviction of a small-time Connecticut 52-year-old gambler named William Malloy and extend the protection of the Fifth Amendment's privilege against self-incrimination to witnesses and defendants, whatever their status, in all state courts.

When a Hartford County crime commission three years ago tried to question Malloy about his employer and finances at the time of his 1959 arrest, Malloy invoked the privilege and refused to answer any questions. He was tossed into prison for contempt after a Connecticut court, relying on more than 50 years of the Supreme Court's own rulings, declared that the federal Fifth does not apply in state courts. Malloy had been assured by Connecticut authorities that because of the state's one-year statute of limitations for misdemeanors, he was not exposing himself to further state prosecution, but the Supreme Court ruled that if he had been compelled to testify, he might have furnished "a link in a chain of evidence sufficient to connect him with a more recent crime for which he might still be prosecuted." The court's turnaround served notice on the states that from now on they will be required to honor the stricter federal protection against self-incrimination.

The court also overturned the New Jersey contempt conviction of two longshoremen who had invoked the privilege despite state pledges of immunity against prosecution. The longshoremen had argued that they feared federal authorities would use their state-immunized testimony to build a federal case against them. Putting an end to that peril, too, the court held "that the constitutional privilege against self-incrimination protects a state witness against incrimination under federal as well as state law and a federal witness against incrimination under state as well as federal law."

PUBLIC SAFETY

The Right of Self-Defense

A frightened St. Petersburg resident called the police for advice on how to handle a prowler. "If you catch this guy at your front door," said the officer, "it's O.K. to shoot him, but make sure he falls inside." Reason: in Florida it is legal to shoot an intruder in one's house, but not in one's yard. In few other cities can citizens expect such straightforward advice from their police. Yet with

crimes of violence increasing, more and more Americans are concerned about how to protect themselves and still stay within the law.

Duty to Run. It isn't easy. U.S. laws governing self-protection derive from the ancient English common law that held that a medieval Briton was obliged to retreat until his back was literally to a wall or a ditch before he was justified in fighting off an assailant. This so-called "retreat law" has been substantially modified in American courts, which have generally ruled that though a person must attempt to avoid trouble, he is not legally bound to flee if such action would increase his peril. Only Texas law

keeper, Frank Felicetti, recently shot and killed an intruder who, he said, had robbed and beaten him twice before. Felicetti was arrested for violating the city's Sullivan Law, which forbids owning unlicensed concealable weapons. He faces a maximum penalty of seven years in prison and a \$1,000 fine.

Aiding others under attack is fraught with more legal perils than protecting one's self. Most Americans find it outrageous that New Yorkers fail to aid fellow citizens who are being mauled by thugs on streets and subways. Yet no matter how cowardly New Yorkers may be, the fact is that under the law anyone who intervenes in an attack exposes himself to the possibility of severe penalties. If a good Samaritan repels an attacker too aggressively or inadvertently



FELICETTI (RIGHT) & WELL-WISHERS

The third time was fatal.

ignores retreat altogether and permits an attacked person to stand and fight it out under any circumstances.

In any state, once the fighting has begun, the law becomes a matter of interpretation. An attacked person is legally permitted to exert only as much force as is necessary to repel the aggressor. But what is reasonable? In Washington last month, as Frances Clark, a comely 24-year-old, sat in a Chinese restaurant, a man named Zebedee Lee, 42, walked over and, by his own admission, "patted her on the buttocks." Grabbing a knife, Miss Clark stabbed him in the stomach, putting him in the hospital. Though Lee's act was technically an assault, the district attorney felt that the girl used more than reasonable force to repel it. As a result, Miss Clark, not Lee, was charged with assault.

Self-protection becomes even more complicated in cities that require licenses for firearms. Yet never have New Yorkers, for example, needed protection so desperately. Only last week a 63-year-old lawyer, Leonard Simpson, was shot to death in the self-service elevator of his West Side apartment house. An 84-year-old New York shop-

keeper jumps in on the wrong side, he may wind up under arrest for assault.

Do-It-Yourself Protection. In an attempt to obey the law and also stay alive, many people are turning to weapons that are guaranteed to repel attack yet not inflict lasting injury. Most popular are cylindrical Penguins, which shoot a jet of tear gas and are legal in most states (with the notable exceptions of California, New York and Illinois). Where tear gas is barred, pocket-size aerosol sprays that discharge a temporarily eye-stinging chemical are usually allowed. Fittingly, girls who work nights in the Wonderful World of Chemistry at the World's Fair all pack such protection. Another gimmick: a walking stick that conceals a cattle prod delivering 4,000 volts.

Reassuring as such weaponry may be to a worried public's peace of mind, most police officials are increasingly nervous that the trend toward do-it-yourself protection may lead trigger-happy matrons to mass mayhem. The best advice, claims a top Baltimore cop, is still: "learn to run." The question is, can nervous citizens run fast enough—or far enough?

SPORT

GOLF

After the Avalanche

"It's like jumping off the top of a building," Ken Venturi said recently, surveying the shreds of his tattered career. "There are no steps on the way down."

Once he was the hottest player in golf, Arnie Palmer was just a promising young pro when Venturi, a 24-year-old amateur, shot a final-round 80 and lost the 1956 Masters by a single stroke. Jack Nicklaus was a chubby-cheeked Ohio State freshman when Ken was winning four tournaments in 1958 and hearing himself hailed as "the new Ben Hogan." In his first four years as a pro, Venturi won \$141,276. Critics raved about the silky smoothness of his swing. "Ken stands up to the ball," said one, "as if he, the club, the ball and the golf course were all part of a beautiful piece of sculpture."

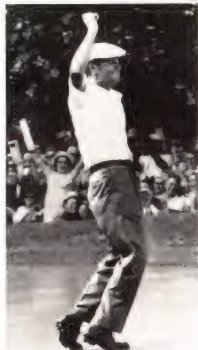
Bizarre Ailments. It is always impossible to single out the snowflake that starts an avalanche. Maybe, for Venturi, it was the last day of the 1960 Masters, when he was half-carried away from the 18th hole, measured for a green winner's blazer, and plunked down in front of a TV set—to watch Palmer birdie the last two holes and win. Things certainly went from bad to worse after that. He was plagued by a series of bizarre physical ailments: a pinched nerve that paralyzed half his chest; a stubborn virus infection; a hand injury, an automobile accident. In the next four years Venturi won only one minor tournament, and his official earnings last year amounted to exactly \$3,848.33. There was a brief flurry of interest when he finished third in the Thunderbird Classic in early June. But last week, when it came time for the U.S. Open at the Congressional Country Club in Washington, D.C., nobody gave Venturi a chance.

The Congressional is the longest and toughest course any Open has ever been played on—7,053 yds., with greens so irregular that one golfer accused Architect Robert Trent Jones of burying dinosaurs under the undulating turf. The 9th hole is all of 599 yds. long, and its green is separated from the fairway by a deep, grass-choked ravine. "That," said one pro, "is where elephants go to die." In short, the Congressional is a brutal course, even for Palmer, Nicklaus, or Tony Lema, who had just won two tournaments in a row. But when Palmer fired the only sub-par round of the first day, a two-under 68, one sports-writer boldly announced that "Arnold Palmer has 198 holes to go on the Grand Slam of golf."

Plodding Along. Palmer did not do badly the next day, either: a one-under-par 69. But that was only good for second place, a stroke off the pace set by a curly-haired Californian named Tom-

my Jacobs, 29. Only twice all afternoon did Jacobs stray from the fairway; only twice did he fail to reach a green in par figures; and he did not miss a single putt under 12 ft. Jacobs' six-under-par 64 tied for the lowest score ever recorded in a U.S. Open. In all the excitement, who was going to notice Ken Venturi, plodding along in fourth place, six strokes behind?

Nine holes later, everybody was. Washington weather is never much to brag about, but for the 36-hole final round, it was atrocious. The temperature reached 97, and the humidity could



VENTURI AFTER SINKING A BIG PUTT
In the Open, one master.

drawn a man. Nicklaus shot a 77, Palmer and Lema blew to 75s. But Venturi, in some astonishing way, suddenly became that sculpture again.

On the first hole, his 10-ft. try for a birdie hung tantalizingly on the lip of the cup for a full minute—and then dropped in. "When that happened, I said to myself, 'Well, well! If that's the way things are going, I might as well make the most of it.'" Venturi birdied the 4th, 5th, 8th, and 9th holes, turned the front nine in 30 strokes—and found himself deadlocked with Jacobs for the lead. But on the 17th he missed an 18-in. putt for a par; on the 18th, he messed up his drive and had to settle for another bogey. Then he almost collapsed from heat exhaustion. Leading by two strokes, Tommy Jacobs ate a plate of beef stroganoff. Doctors packed Venturi off to bed.

Cap in Hand. That's it, the experts figured. Venturi came out for the final 18, splay-footed and staggering. Yet by some weird magic his swing held together. Relentlessly he stuck the pars on the board. Trying for another of his wonderful rallies, Arnie Palmer sank all the way to fifth place. Tommy Jacobs needed five strokes to negotiate the par-three, 195-yd. 2nd hole.

Finally it was the 18th hole, and there was Ken Venturi, cap in hand, tottering up the middle of the fairway with a four-stroke lead and a big smile, soaking up the applause. His ball was in the sand trap 110 ft. from the pin. Casually he knocked it onto the green; coolly he ran in the 15-ft. putt—for a 72-hole total of 278, second lowest winning score in U.S. Open history. Then he sat down behind a tree and sighed: "You know, I was going to give up this game eight months ago?"

CREW

Two Make Ready But One to Go

Most top college crews have a calm, tree-edged river or lake to paddle around in, a well-appointed boathouse to change in, and money from old grads for new equipment. Not so the University of California at Berkeley. One of Coach Jim Lemmon's shells has been around for 29 years and the building his eighties call home was built in 1925. His practice course? It would probably be easier to row through Times Square.

Freighters, pleasure boats, barges and tugs wash up wakes like walls in San Francisco Bay's East Oakland estuary, but they are getting used to watching out for the thin-skinned craft with the straining oarsmen. Since California first dipped an oar in 1907, it has won the Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta eight times. Golden Bear crews have won three Olympic gold medals in three tries, and established themselves as the power in the West.

None of which holds any water with Easterners. They simply think U.S. rowing never left its East Coast cradle. So when California traveled East for last week's 62nd annual I.R.A. regatta, undefeated in six West Coast races this year, the competing coaches got together and voted twice-defeated Cornell the crew to beat. California thought that was a fine idea. And on New York State's Lake Onondaga, they did it with ease.

Using the tulip-shaped oars popularized by Germany's 1960 Olympic-winning Ratzburg crew, the high-striking Californians soon jumped into a boat-length lead. From then on, they unconcernedly looked back at their pursuers for the length of the Olympic-size 2,000-meter course. At the finish, the coxswain took the stroke up to 40 for kicks, and California slid across in 6 min. 31 sec. Adding insult to injury, another Western crew, the University of Washington, was second, nearly two lengths



CALIFORNIA LEADING WASHINGTON AT THE FINISH
Out of the West, a big winner.

back, and exhausted Cornell was a sorely beaten third.

That kind of shellacking would seem to make the West odds-on favorites to win the Olympic trials in New York next month. But the East still had one champion left to send against the Western windmill—undefeated Harvard, which didn't race in the I.R.A. Instead, Coach Harry Parker's Crimson was downed at New London, Conn., keeping a 112-year-old engagement with Yale. The four-mile distance is the longest in U.S. college-rowing, and since both crews had been at 2,000 meters all year, it could have been up for grabs. But Harvard had it all the way. Ticking along at 30½ strokes per minute, the precise Cantabs slowly built up their lead until at the finish they were almost five lengths ahead. Now that makes them the crew for California to beat.

AUTO RACING

How to Win in Belgium By Not Really Losing

Scotland's Jimmy Clark, 28, is everything a world champion auto racer ought to be: bright, cool, daring, earnest, fearless—and lucky as a field full of four-leaf clovers. Last week he won the 280-mile Belgian Grand Prix to make it two out of three races so far this year. And he didn't even realize what he was doing.

In practice, Jimmy's 1964 Lotus de-

veloped mechanical trouble, and he had to trade it in on a 1963 model that was geared too low for the ultrafast Spa-Francorchamps course. So there he was, a few laps from the end, touring unhappily around in fourth place. Out front in a Brabham-Climax, the U.S.'s Dan Gurney was burning up the track, leading Britain's Graham Hill and New Zealand's Bruce McLaren by 40 sec., and Clark by 90 sec. Play safe? Not Gurney.

Where Was Anybody? Gurney had not won a Grand Prix race in two years, and this was going to be a victory worth savoring. On the 28th lap, he blasted around the 8½-mile course at 137.6 m.p.h.—breaking the old track record by more than 2 m.p.h. Then the Brabham's engine began to miss, Gurney screeched into the pits. "Gas!" he yelled—and imagine his surprise. There was no gas: fuel-company mathematicians had concluded that nobody would need to refuel. Frantically, Gurney wheeled his sputtering Brabham back onto the track. On the last lap, he ran completely out of gas.

Tall, mustachioed, and very British, Graham Hill would have cut a dashing figure at the winner's stand. But the fuel pump of his B.R.M. quit just 100 yds. past the spot where Gurney sat nursing his grief. In the grandstand, the fans began to get restless. Where was Gurney? Where was Hill? Where was anybody? At last, Bruce McLaren's

Cooper cleared the crest of the last hill and started down the final straight. But McLaren was only coasting: his generator belt had parted and his engine was dead. Then came a sound that made McLaren swivel in his seat—a staccato roar, rapidly increasing in volume. Here was Clark, buzzing merrily along, ignorant of the drama up ahead. Down the straightaway rolled Bruce McLaren, at a desperate 30 m.p.h. Down the straightaway flashed Jimmy Clark, at a casual 130 m.p.h. McLaren was pounding his knees in helpless frustration as Clark zipped past, just 300 yds. from the finish.

"Who, Me?" In the confusion, the flagman was waving the checkered flag at everybody. Clark apparently hadn't noticed McLaren, hadn't seen Hill stopped by the wayside. So he kept on going—anxious to find out what had happened to Gurney. Photographers commandeered a car and rushed after him. "Jimmy," they shouted. "You're wanted at the victor's stand!" "Who, me?" asked Clark. "What for?"

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

► Australia's Roy Emerson, 27: the London Grass Court tennis tournament, last big tune-up for Wimbledon, with a skin-of-the-teeth victory over Tomas Lejus, 22, first Russian ever to reach the finals of a major tennis tournament. Unseeded and unheralded, Lejus beat Mexico's Rafael Osuna in the semifinals, played Emerson almost even for 90 min. before losing, 12-10, 6-4.

► The University of Minnesota: baseball's college world series, for the third time, beating the University of Missouri 5-1 in the final game, on the four-hit pitching of Joe Pollock and the headlong base-running of Second Baseman Dewey Markus, who then signed a contract with the Chicago Cubs.

► Northern Dancer: Canada's Queen's Plate 11-mile classic, in a strong comeback after losing the U.S. Triple Crown in the 11-mile Belmont Stakes; in Toronto, E. P. Taylor's bay colt went off a 1-to-9 favorite at the shorter distance, breezed home 7½ lengths in front, thus adding another \$49,075 purse to bring his two-year earnings to \$580,647.



CLARK ON THE CORNER
At the track, the man with everything.

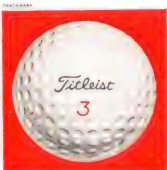
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THE PRESS

COLUMNISTS

I Remember Arma

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REPORTING

What Publication Does

This being a presidential year and all, hardly anyone expected Henry Cabot Lodge, U.S. Ambassador to South Viet Nam, to stay in Saigon indefinitely. But no one had any idea precisely when he would come home. No one, that is, except Max Frankel, the New York Times's diplomatic reporter in Washington. Ambassador Lodge, reported Frankel last week, "has asked to be relieved of his post within 30 days. Mr. Lodge told President Johnson that the resignation was prompted by reasons of health, which he did not specify."

Even as Frankel's story appeared, people began assailing its verisimilitude. White House Press Secretary George E. Reedy swore that the President "has received no such communication." In Saigon, Ambassador Lodge swam ten laps at the Cerule Sportif pool before facing inquisitive newsmen. "I'm supposed to be sick, am I?" he grinned and, with that, disavowed the story of his resignation. "There's no truth in it at all."

As it turned out, Frankel himself had not really considered his own story hot news. He wrote it several days before its appearance, slugged it "hold for Monday release," and then went picnicking all day Sunday with friends.

Where did that leave things? "It's conceivable that the information that came to me was wrong," Frankel said. "But, as so often happens, the publication of a story of this sort could alter the facts."

LIBEL

The General v. the Cub

It was his first big story, and Associated Press Cub Reporter Van Savell was determined to do it justice. "I dressed as any college student would," he wrote in the dispatch that went out to all client A.P. newspapers, "and easily milled among the rioters on the University of Mississippi campus." On that September night in Oxford in 1962, two men were to die in the violence provoked by the registration of Ole Miss's first Negro student, James Meredith. The A.P.'s Savell reported it all. He also reported the gaunt and commanding presence of onetime Major General Edwin A. Walker, 54.

"Walker assumed control of the crowd," Savell wrote of the man who had ended a distinguished military ca-

reer by joining the John Birch Society and resigning his commission. Savell went on to say that the general "led a charge of students against Federal marshals on the Ole Miss campus," was met with a repelling volley of tear gas, then climbed the base of a Confederate monument to dispense tactical advice and rally the scattered segregationists: "Don't let up now. This is a dangerous situation. You must be prepared for possible death. If you are not, go home now."

"Bring Your Skilletts." Last week, in the Tarrant County courtroom in Fort Worth, the general and the 22-year-old cub met again. Walker was there to plead his \$2,000,000 libel suit, in which



EDWIN A. WALKER

In the record, a battle cry.



A.P.'S SAVELL

he claimed that the Associated Press had, in effect, charged him with helping to incite the insurrection at Ole Miss. Walker had that very charge leveled against him by the U.S. Government, and he had also been subjected to a psychiatric examination. But doctors found him sane, and a federal grand jury refused to return an indictment.

From two weeks of testimony, there emerged the picture of a man who had come to Ole Miss to play something more than an observer's role. Read into the record was Walker's battle cry to segregationists broadcast over a Shreveport, La., radio station five days before the riots: "It is time to move. We have talked, listened and been pushed around far too much for the anti-Christ Supreme Court. Bring your flags, your tents, and your skilletts." Even some of Walker's own witnesses testified to his involvement at Oxford.

Appeal. The A.P. could produce no witness who heard Walker speak the exact words that Van Savell attributed to the general, although defense testimony seemed to corroborate the wire service. But to the Fort Worth jury of eight men and four women, the A.P. statements that Walker had assumed control and led the charge were both false and malicious. After 21 hours of deliberation, the jury awarded Walker \$800,000. Still pending: some \$27 million in Walker libel actions stemming

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from the republication of the A.P. story. The A.P. served notice of its intention to appeal. "In the light of the evidence presented by both sides," said A.P. General Manager Wes Gallagher, "we are confident that the verdict will not be upheld."

NEWSPAPERS

The Newsboys' Revolt

The meeting in Reading's dingy, red-brick Labor Temple had been postponed for a week because the chief organizer broke out with the measles. But now red-haired Ronald Haan, 17, was back on his feet, dressed in his Sunday best, standing nervously in front of a hand-lettered cardboard sign that read: JOIN THE NEWSBOYS ORGANIZATION NOW. In the audience sat some 100 teen-age carrier boys of Reading, Pennsylvania's two dailies, the jointly owned morning

FREDERICK A. MEYER



READING'S RONNY HAAN

"We are battling a ruthless foe."

Times and the evening Eagle. In the back of the room lounged a few adult labor leaders, who had come to observe.

"Fellows," said Ronny Haan, "I am glad to see you here tonight. I know it took gumption to come. We are battling a ruthless foe." He went on to spell out a long list of newsboy grievances, then asked for a vote. How many carriers were willing to picket the Eagle-Times? One hundred hands shot up: 100 young voices cheered. And how many would support a one-day strike against the paper? Again, the same noisily unanimous response. Ben Stahl, who had come over from A.F.L.-C.I.O. regional headquarters in Philadelphia, decided that it was time to take a hand.

"May I just suggest," said Stahl, "that you try once more to get the Eagle-Times to sit down and discuss your grievances with you? In the union movement, you talk first, and if that doesn't work, you picket. A strike is the last resort." This was reasonable ad-

vice, and the carriers took it. The eight-boy grievance committee was delegated to approach the papers' management.

Risky Meeting. The boys could hardly have relished the task. In the three months that the Reading newsboys' rebellion had been brewing, the papers' management has shown no disposition to recognize, much less meet with, the other side. Against this resistance, Ronny Haan has been able to enlist the names of only 300 of the papers' 1,000 carrier boys in the cause.

Not a line about the rebellion had appeared in either paper. The Eagle-Times even tried to head off last week's meeting by sending letters to the parents of all carrier boys. "We have had a number of telephone calls asking about a meeting of newspaper boys," the letters went. "The answer is no—no meeting of Reading Eagle-Times carriers has been called by the circulation department of the Reading Eagle-Times."

But a meeting had been called by Ronny Haan. Until last March he was an Eagle-Times carrier boy himself, and a good one. So were his kid brothers, Nolan, 16, and Kenneth, 13. Four years ago, Ronny won an all-expense trip to Colorado, but he chose the alternative prize of \$150 in cash. He wanted to add the money to the personal savings account that he hoped would, one day, pay for college. The papers refused to pay. That \$150 figure was a misprint, they said, and they offered Ronny Haan \$18.75 instead. Ronny went on the trip.

Touching Letter. Last March, without warning, Ronny Haan was fired. So were both of his brothers. The paper said that all three Haans had delivered the morning paper late and were also late with their collections. Subscribers did not agree. At Ronny's request, they signed testimonials to the quality and the punctuality of his service.

Ronny also sent a letter to A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany in Washington. "After learning about unions in school," Ronny wrote, "I felt its about time something was done for the newspaper boys." A onetime carrier boy himself, Meany bucked the letter to the A.F.L.-C.I.O. regional office in Philadelphia. There was never any thought of organizing the boys. But, as Jim Gildea, Meany's assistant in Washington, said: "It simply was a touching letter. We all wanted to help the kid."

Since then, Ronny Haan has called three mass meetings in the Labor Temple, set up the grievance committee and enlisted other carriers in the cause. The newsboys have drafted a list of 13 grievances that they would like to discuss with management. To counter this youthful rebellion, the Eagle-Times has chosen to ignore it. "Ronald wanted to have his own way in virtually everything," said Eagle-Times General Manager William Rohn. "We have nothing to apologize for in our dealing with the boys. Our carrier organization is intact. They've never expressed any dissatisfaction." Not yet, anyway.

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SECTS

The Uncontaminated

"Do not unite yourselves with unbelievers," St. Paul told the first Christians of Corinth. To the surprise and dismay of their fellow Britons, more than 10,000 members of the Exclusive Brethren sect are currently trying to take the injunction literally and separate themselves from the rest of society.

An offshoot of the fundamentalist Plymouth Brethren, the Exclusives have traditionally been a clannish sort, clustering in self-imposed ghettos in small English towns and Scottish fishing villages. They seldom marry outside the sect, and refer to each other as "saints"—the only true disciples of Christ. The Brethren do not smoke, dance, watch TV or wear makeup, but official doctrine says that "strong drink is to be regarded as a creation of God and saints should freely drink it."

They had always remained distantly courteous to their neighbors until 1960, when new orders came from James Taylor Jr., a retired New York businessman who is the leader of the sect. Taylor, who styles himself "the authoritative voice of God," decreed that his followers must avoid "contamination" from the unclean by abandoning all association with non-Brethren. The Exclusives were thereby forbidden to mix professionally or socially with outsiders, and Taylor warned: "Those who do not agree will be excommunicated."

In obedience to Taylor's new dogma, Exclusive landlords in the Scottish town of Peterhead evicted non-Brethren tenants; Exclusive fishermen fired crewmen who did not belong to the sect. Members of the sect were forced to

leave their jobs in Midlands factories because Taylor's rules forbade them to join unions. Marriages have foundered on the doctrine of separation; in Walsall, for example, Businessman Leslie Pearson and his father-in-law Frederick Jessop publicly complained that their wives would not even speak to them when the two men left the sect. In Staffordshire, two spinster sisters who belonged to the Exclusives committed suicide after they were forbidden to speak to old friends.

So far, about half the Brethren have left the sect rather than obey Taylor; one Tory M.P. has heard so many tales of hardship from his constituents that last month he asked for a Home Office investigation of the sect. But difficult as their new way of life may be, the rest of the Brethren have followed Taylor, convinced that to live with the Lord means not to live with other men.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

A Question of Leadership

At St. John's Seminary near Los Angeles one morning last week, the Rev. William Du Bay entered the chapel, genuflected before James Francis Cardinal McIntyre, put his hand on a Bible in the cardinal's lap, and made a profession of loyalty to him. Then, as hundreds of priests watched, Du Bay kissed the cardinal's hands and withdrew. A week earlier, Father Du Bay had publicly petitioned the Pope to remove McIntyre as Archbishop of Los Angeles, charging the cardinal with "gross malfeasance in office" for what he called his superior's failure to condemn racism as a moral evil.

Priests who would play Luther are



CARDINAL MCINTYRE
In the face of protest . . .

notably rare in the Roman Catholic Church today, and Father Du Bay became something of a national celebrity. A fresh-faced man of 29, he had twice been transferred from parishes on charges of pressing for civil rights with excessive zeal. He then applied for mission service in Kenya, and instead was made administrative assistant in a mostly Negro parish in Compton, an industrial suburb of Los Angeles. Impressed by his parishioners' passionate concern for equality, Father Du Bay did a slow burn. One morning (fortnight ago), he said Mass, then went to the Greater Los Angeles Press Club and loosed his thunderbolt against the cardinal. He spent the rest of the day, heart in mouth, teaching some of the parish kids how to play a game called "Steal the Bacon."

But Father Du Bay never meant to play the Luther game to the point of leaving the church, and McIntyre responded by using a bishop's normal disciplinary powers. The chancery stripped Father Du Bay of his administrative duties and silenced him.

No Challenges. Canon law authorized McIntyre's move, but he is such a strong-minded man that it was clear from the first he would brook no challenges. A year ago, when Swiss Theologian Hans Küng spoke to Catholics all over the U.S. on reform in the church, conservative Cardinal McIntyre forbade him to talk at U.C.L.A. He does not like such liberal Catholic magazines as *America*, *The Commonweal* and *Ave Maria*, and so he has banned them from his archdiocesan seminary. McIntyre was one of 19 cardinals who last year signed a statement protesting to the Vatican Council the "heretical methods"—such as the technique of form criticism, devised by German Protestant theologians—used by Catholic Biblical scholars.

An ascetic and humble man, McIntyre entered the priesthood late in life. Born in Manhattan, the son of an invalided former city employee, he attended public high school, City College



FREDERICK JESSOP (RIGHT) RAILING AT EXCLUSIVE BRETHREN WIFE & DAUGHTER
Saints must speak only to saints.



FATHER DU BAY

... a profession of loyalty.

and Columbia University at night, while working days for a Wall Street brokerage firm. At 29, he turned down the offer of a partnership to enter St. Joseph's Seminary at Yonkers, N.Y. He was ordained in 1921, spent two years as a curate in a Manhattan church, then put his financial skills to work as an administrative officer in New York's archdiocesan chancery. So successful was he that he was consecrated as one of Francis Spellman's auxiliary bishops in 1941, and five years later became coadjutor archbishop.

Spellman and McIntyre are good friends, but they did not always see eye to eye on all public issues. In 1947 McIntyre denounced, and thereby helped defeat, a state anti-discrimination law, which he called "formed after a Communist pattern." A year later Spellman recommended him for the vacant see of Los Angeles and presided at his installation.

Arriving in Los Angeles, McIntyre scrapped his predecessor's plans for a new cathedral and began the most vigorous construction drive for parochial schools of any diocese in the world. To date, this has resulted in the astonishing addition of 206 new schools, bringing the total for the diocese to 347. With California's population boom, his flock has grown from 625,000 to 1,500,000 in 15 years, and he has opened 76 new parishes, five new hospitals. In 1953 he became California's first cardinal.

Pickets at the Chancery. McIntyre has provided what many Catholics regard as shrewd and adroit leadership for his archdiocese. But since he keeps insisting that "there is no racial problem in Los Angeles," he is a wide-open target for critics, both in and out of the church, who know better. He has forbidden priests and nuns to take part in racial demonstrations, and refused archdiocesan recognition to a lay-run Catholic Human Relations Council. As a result, another lay organization called Catholics United for Racial Equality has frequently picketed his chancery.

Last week Cardinal McIntyre was on

a retreat, and unavailable for comment. Archdiocesan officials pointed out that he is not a segregationist, has signed the antiracist statements of the U.S. Catholic hierarchy, and has many times avowed his support of equality for all. But his other actions have helped create an ambivalent image—an image of a man who has prosecuted his ecclesiastical mission with zeal but has failed to seize the moral leadership that many of his flock had expected of him.

THEOLOGIAN

The New Jerusalem

Who was the most brilliant mind of the 18th century? A good case could be made for Newton, Voltaire, Samuel Johnson—or for Emanuel Swedenborg, the polymathic scientist and seer whose fame lingers on not just in literature but in churches that honor his writing as the vehicle for the second coming of God's word.

Born in 1688, the son of a bishop in Sweden's state church, Swedenborg was a kind of Nordic Da Vinci. He invented a machine gun and a fire extinguisher, first explained to the world the phenomenon of phosphorescence and the function of the ductless glands, devised a nebular hypothesis to account for the origin of the universe. Metallurgist, physiologist and mathematician, he knew nine languages, and promoted fiscal reforms and liquor regulations as a member of Sweden's Diet.

Conversations with Spirits. At the age of 57, after seeing a vision of Christ, Swedenborg abandoned his secular pursuits for theology, and his religious writings run to 30 fat volumes. His thinking was decidedly un-Lutheran. Rejecting the traditional doctrine of the Trinity, he taught that Christ alone was God. Man, he argued, was not saved by faith

alone, as Luther taught, but by seeking natural perfection through service to the world. Swedenborg had almost daily visions of heaven and hell, which he described at great length in his theological writings. He also wrote of his frequent conversations with spirits, who informed him that a new Christian church was coming into being, and that his works would form the foundation of its teachings.

Despite his prediction of the "New Jerusalem," Swedenborg died a Lutheran, and was buried according to the rites of the Swedish church. In 1784, his followers organized a society to propagate his teachings, which have influenced such disparate figures as Balzac, Emerson, Lincoln, and Helen Keller. Today there are more than 7,000 loyal Swedenborgians in the U.S. (and about 45,000 elsewhere) who belong to three churches. The biggest concentration of them is in the Philadelphia suburb of Bryn Athyn; there, most of the town's population of 1,100 belong to the General Church of the New Jerusalem, which for 51 years has been putting up a magnificent—but still incomplete—Gothic cathedral.

Courage & Zest. Last week, another Swedenborgian church, the General Convention of the New Jerusalem in the U.S.A., held its 141st annual meeting in Philadelphia. About 200 of the faithful showed up to elect new officers and discuss the continuing relevance of the Swedish sage. "His really great mind relates faith to the world of science," said Dr. Dorothea Harvey, associate professor of religion at Lawrence College. Says Adolph Liebert of Pittsburgh, a research and development engineer: "He has given me a perspective on what life is for and how to use it. He gives me the courage and zest to look for a new day."



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MEDICINE

DIAGNOSIS

Detecting Diabetes Early

Secretaries turned out during their lunch hour; housewives with kids queued up before trips to the supermarket; businessmen stopped by after a day at the office. Wherever the blue-and-white trailer picked a place to park in Cleveland, crowds gathered for a free drink of flavored corn syrup. And two hours later the drinkers returned to the trailer. Not that Clevelanders were afflicted with a sudden thirst: on their second visit, instead of getting another shot of syrup, they donated a blood sample. A technician smeared the blood on chemically treated cardboard. In a matter of moments the results were obvious,

—where it is now picked up by conventional testing.

In Cleveland, whenever a cardboard test strip turns blue, a second blood sample is taken for more thorough testing in the Kent-Leonards auto-analyzer at Western Reserve. If this test is also positive, the subject is asked to come in for a third check: if diabetes is still indicated, the subject's doctor is informed by letter, then by a telephone follow-up. Thus far, the tests have turned up a 4.5% incidence of diabetes among Clevelanders, and Kent and Leonards suspect that the old estimate of approximately 1% for the entire U.S. is far too low. They hope to get a chance to check their hunch next year when the DAC test, with its corn-syrup cocktail, is expected to get a nationwide tryout.



CLEVELAND MOBILE DAC LAB
4.5% are victims.

If the cardboard changed color from grey to blue, sugar from the corn syrup had not returned to normal level in the drinker's blood, showing a distinct possibility of diabetes.

The city-wide campaign organized by DAC (Diabetes Association of Greater Cleveland) was eloquent testimony to one of the ironies of modern medicine. Diabetes has been a well-controlled, though incurable, disease ever since 1921 when Sir Frederick Banting and Charles Best first extracted insulin from sweetbreads. But with the aged accounting for more and more of the U.S. population, and diabetes predominantly a disease of old age, it is estimated that one person in every 80 is a sufferer. Says International Diabetes Federation President Howard Root: "Excluding goiter, diabetes is the most prevalent endocrine disorder in the U.S."

Early diagnosis means that insulin or other treatment may help prevent such complications as hypertension, calcified arteries, and blindness. And the DAC test, developed by Drs. Gerald Kent and Jack Leonards of Western Reserve University, detects the disease even before sugar begins to appear in the urine

DENTISTRY

Tuning in Teeth

Every so often a dental patient reports that a tooth has turned into a radio receiver, that one of his fillings is acting like an old-fashioned crystal set. Now dentists have devised a way of reversing the process: they are outfitting teeth to do the transmitting.

In an effort to learn what goes on inside the mouth when people chew, drink or swallow, Dr. Samuel Adams II, 28, and his associates at Rochester, N.Y.'s Eastman Dental Dispensary, have been bugging the bridgework of volunteers with tiny radio transmitters fitted into dummy teeth. Crammed inside each electronic tooth are a transistor, an induction coil, two capacitors, a resistor and a hearing-aid battery—all miniaturized items developed by the Air Force. Once the radio denture is in place, the subject enters a Faraday cage, a metal-mesh enclosure that blocks out most outside electrical disturbances. As the subject chews and drinks in his static-free environment, his tooth transmitter gives out a signal every two spots of gold on the chewing surfaces of two opposing teeth come together. In addition, a muscle-tension detector attached to the skin of his jaw is connected to an electromyograph. The signals from the chewing teeth and the muscle-tension record of the electromyograph are picked up by a receiver and recorded on tape before being translated into graphs. Some subjects have been wired for sound in their sleep, in hope that their late, late broadcasts may be helpful in studying the relation between teeth grinding and dreaming.

So far the chewing programs of 24 volunteers have been tuned in, and Dr. Adams hopes that his records will eventually aid his colleagues in telling if a bite is good or poor in real dentures. What reward do the volunteers get for their services? A piece of nonbroadcasting bridgework to replace their own missing molars.

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Extra good, not only in a Martini or Gin Rickey, but in any gin drink.





USS Special Report: A new U.S. Steel wrinkle can save millions for taxpayers

In this age of moon shots and astronauts, people still haven't lost sight of the need for down-to-earth innovations. U.S. Steel, for example, recently announced a simple but revolutionary development in culverts. As soon as construction specifications are updated to include the use of the new culverts, U.S. taxpayers (and future taxpayers like the inquisitive young lady in the picture) can save up to \$40 million a year. In 1963 alone, say the estimators, enough steel culverts 36" and larger in diameter were laid to stretch from San Francisco to Chicago. The new U. S. Steel design could have cut the cost of material for all of these culverts—some by as much as 50%. *The reason: a new "wrinkle" devised by U.S. Steel.*

Galvanized steel culvert sheets are corrugated to give them greater strength to withstand earth and traffic loads. By supple-

menting the historically standard $2\frac{2}{3}$ " x $\frac{1}{2}$ " corrugation with a new 3" x 1" corrugation design, U.S. Steel has made it possible to support greater loads with thinner sheets of steel. Sounds simple, but it wasn't. The development required several years of painstaking research. A new and improved method of determining culvert strength was developed. And the new corrugating mill equipment required a substantial investment.

United States Steel has been introducing an average of two new or im-

proved products each month. Equally important, we make a habit of suggesting innovations in the use of all steel products. If you suspect you could benefit by this brand of thinking, do business with U.S. Steel... *where one of the big ideas is innovation.* U.S. Steel, 525 William Penn Place, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230.



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UNIVERSITIES

Royal Blues

With dignity, earnestness, and immense discretion, four men last week strove for election to a place on one of the nation's most select, secretive and somber ruling bodies: the board of university trustees that is styled by ancient usage as the Yale Corporation. Following tradition, an alumni committee put up an official slate for Yale's 85,000 graduates to choose from: Flour Heir Philip W. Pillsbury, 60; Republican Congressman John V. Lindsay, 42, of New York; and George B. Young, 51, executive vice president of Chicago's Field Enterprises Inc. Competing with them was William Horowitz, 57, a New Haven banker and chairman of the Connecticut state board of education.

Petition candidates rarely have much of a chance, but there was a special flurry in the case of Horowitz, whose son and son-in-law were also Yale men. Five hundred alumni, including Democratic Senator Thomas G. Dodd and leading Republican John Absp, signed the nominating petition to get him on the ballot on the general theory that "it would be a good sign" to have a Jew on the board for the first time in the corporation's history. However, in the balloting, the alumni's choice was New York Congressman Lindsay, '44.

Congregational Ministers. By his election, Lindsay became one of six corporation members chosen by the alumni, one every year, for six-year terms. But the elected "fellows" are not the whole board; ten co-ruling "successor trustees" jointly pick their own replace-

* Harvard's seven-member corporation, which advises the university on financial and policy matters, is composed of the president, treasurer and five fellows—currently four lawyers and a banker. It divides power with the 30 alumni on the Harvard Board of Overseers, who approve faculty appointments for longer than a year and supervise the school's program and facilities through 43 "visiting committees" made up of alumni and outsiders.

EDUCATION

ments and serve until they are 68. For most of Yale's history, the ten successors ran the corporation, reluctantly agreed to give graduates representation in 1871. In earlier times, the ten were invariably Congregational ministers from Connecticut, like Yale's founding fathers. This pattern was smashed in 1905; the corporation admitted a Congregational minister from New York. The only Congregationalist left is Amos N. Wilder, a Harvard divinity professor, who must retire this year.

The essential power of the corporation is ownership of the university—buildings, endowment, everything fixed and movable that is Yale. "L'université, c'est nous," joked former Corporation Member Dean Acheson. The corporation manages all finance and investment, must give recorded approval to each course of study, faculty appointment and degree. In practice, said

Front row (from left): John Hay Whitney, financier, publisher of the New York Herald Tribune; Juan T. Trippie, president of Pan American World Airways; Wilmarth S. Lewis, author and editor; Kingman Brewster Jr., president of Yale (ex officio); Edwin E. Blair, lawyer; Gardiner M. Day, Episcopal minister; B. Brewster Jennings, former Soccon-Mobil Oil Board chairman, whose term is expiring. Standing: Carl P. Haskins, president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington; William McCleskey, Jr., Federal Reserve Board chairman; Amos N. Wilder, Harvard Divinity School professor; J. Richardson Dilworth, president of Rockefeller Brothers Inc.; Herbert F. Sturdy, lawyer; J. Irwin Miller, Cummins Engine Co. board chairman and former president of the National Council of Churches; Harold Howe II, Scarsdale (N.Y.) superintendent of schools; T. Keith Glennan, president of Case Institute and former administrator of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration; William P. Bundy, Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs; Frank O. H. Williams, Connecticut General Life Insurance Co. executive. Glennan, Howe, Martin, Sturdy and Williams are elected alumni fellows.

Acheson, "we don't interfere with the running of the college. This would be the quickest way to louse things up." Instead, the corporation applies itself seriously to its key job, which is to pick the president of the university, and usually ratifies his decisions.

"We are all busy men," says Herbert F. Sturdy, a Los Angeles lawyer who five years ago was elected as the first member from the Far West. "But for me, the corporation comes ahead of everything—all business, social or family." He flies in ten times a year for two-day meetings in New Haven and, like most members, rarely misses a session.

"Clams or Oysters?" The sessions are conducted according to tradition as tenacious as the Yale bulldog. Members arrive on a Friday morning, meet in committees (educational policy, finance, budgets, endowments and gifts, buildings and grounds, honorary degrees), and in the evening go to Mory's, where the waiter laconically asks each of them: "Clams or oysters? Steak or lobster?" Informal talks are leavened by tact, wit and persuasive intellectual argument. "There is a tremendous solidarity," says Walpole Scholar Wilmarth Lewis, who holds the record for continuous membership, 26 years.

At 9:15 the next morning, the corporation assembles in its paneled Woodbridge Hall meeting room, sitting around a mahogany table in high-backed leather chairs, each bearing an engraved plate with the name of the occupant. No one smokes until university officers and corporation committees present their reports. Then a faint cloud of blue begins to fill the air, while the group politely strives to reach their decisions.

Only after they agree do Yale and the rest of the world hear about it—maybe. And, as Acheson put it, "we never give reasons for our decisions, merely the blunt fact of them. How vulnerable are those who explain—courts, statesmen, editors. We can say

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of our views, as Mr. Churchill did of his when challenged with inconsistency. 'My views are a harmonious process which keeps them in relation to the current movement of events.'

PRIVATE SCHOOLS

On the Slopes of Mt. Ida

"Genuine learning has ever been said to give polish to man; why then should it not bestow charms on women?" Pioneer Educator Emma Willard 150 years ago answered her own question with energy and decision. As farmers jeered ("They'll be educating the cows next"), she started a school for girls in her home in Middlebury, Vt. A few years later she moved her classes to a remodeled coffee house in Troy, N.Y., and set up the school as a Female Seminary, where young ladies learned such novel-

fields, riding stables, a gymnasium with swimming pool and bowling alleys. Tuition and board costs \$3,000, and optional charges (piano lessons, for example) can raise the bill by another \$1,000. Yet Emma Willard is not a rich school; the endowment per pupil is \$2,500, compared to \$11,400 for Miss Porter's in Connecticut. Emma Willard took in only \$80,000 in gifts last year, all of which went to scholarships and loans to 62 of its 340 students. A \$5,000,000 fund-raising drive aims to finance new construction, raise teachers' salaries (average: \$4,000-\$5,000), and widen scholarship aid.

Learning by Era. Modernizing a plan of study introduced by Emma Willard in the 19th century, the curriculum integrates its studies of art, religion, music and literature into single historical eras. A freshman studies ancient history. A



EMMA WILLARD



CLASS OF '64 AT COMMENCEMENT
Right on schedule, the girls broke into tears.

ties as science, philosophy, literature, foreign languages and history.

By virtue of this head start, "Fem Sem," now the Emma Willard School, is the oldest academic girls' school in the U.S. It is still as progressively rigorous as in the days of its no-frills founder. "No deb balls for us," says Principal William Dietel, 37. "The parents want their children to have a superior education. They don't want it all gummed up with manners."

White Gloves & Pink Diplomas. Ungummed social graces were much in evidence last week as 90 graduates carried pink diplomas in one white-gloved hand and pink roses in the other. An organ played, and as if on signal, the girls broke into tears—for Emma Willard will be hard to leave.

The beautifully landscaped 55-acre campus, on the slopes of Mt. Ida, near Troy, centers on a quadrangle of neo-Gothic dorms and classrooms mostly donated by Alumna Mrs. Russell Sage (wife of a millionaire investor), a library with 19,000 volumes, hockey

sophomore learning about the Renaissance studies the medieval church, listens to Gregorian chants, designs an illuminated manuscript in her art class. The junior year concentrates on the industrial revolution, and the senior year on modern times.

About half of the girls go on to some 40 women's colleges in the East, including all the "Seven Sisters," but no particular sister more than the others; the other half—for all Emma Willard girls go to college—choose coed colleges all over the U.S. Girls from Emma Willard usually do exceptionally well, and many become lawyers, doctors and teachers.

Principal Dietel, a graduate of Exeter, Princeton and Yale, came to Emma Willard in 1961 from Amherst, where he was assistant professor of humanities. "I knew nothing about teen-age girls," he said, but his ignorance has been a blessing. While keeping academic standards as tough as ever, he has softened some of the starchiness. Young ladies may now wear pink nail polish.



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SCIENCE

COSMOLOGY

Math Plus Mach Equals Far-Out Gravity

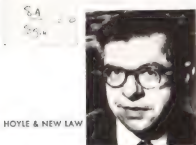
What would happen to the solar system if half of the universe disappeared? From Newton to Einstein, most experts have agreed that nothing much would happen except that the sky would have fewer stars. But now British Cosmologist Fred Hoyle says that the sun would shine 100 times brighter and burn the earth to a crisp.

Hoyle is a respected scientist, one of the originators of the theory of continuous creation, which holds that the universe is still being formed by particles that appear out of nothing in

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HOYLE & NEW LAW

Why the apple didn't fall up.

empty space. When he presented his new gravitation theory to a packed meeting of Britain's venerable Royal Society, he modestly described his work, done in collaboration with Indian Mathematician Jayant V. Narlikar, as a slight extension of Einstein's theory of general relativity. "We are clearly aware," he explained, "that in putting forward still another idea we may be like small boys trying to steal apples."

Splendid Parade. Far from a slight extension of Einstein's work, Hoyle's apple-stealing is more ambitious larceny. His new theory stems from the Mach Principle, that the mass^{*} of every object in the universe is affected by its interaction with every other object. Einstein tried to incorporate the Mach principle in his own scheme of the universe and admittedly failed. Hoyle claims to have succeeded.

Most of the Hoyle-Narlikar lecture consisted of what one Royal Society

member described as "a parade of splendid mathematics"; it seems to have stunned to silence nearly all its hearers. Said Professor Brian Flowers of Manchester University: "If you give me three months to sit down and think about it, I might come up with something."

For all its difficulties, several advantages are claimed for the new theory. It explains why gravity is always a force of attraction, never of repulsion. "We all know," said Hoyle, "that the apple hit Newton on the head. It did not fly upward." Einstein took account of this often-observed action by arbitrarily assigning a minus sign to a key quantity in equations. Hoyle demonstrates why the sign must be minus.

Hoyle's theory also explains why galaxies in distant parts of the universe can, theoretically, move away from the earth faster than the speed of light—a limit that Einstein said could not be exceeded. Hoyle argues that it is wrong to compare the speed of light in one locality with the speed of an object in another locality. He believes that his theory makes it easier to explain in earthly terms events that occur in distant localities of the universe.

Hot, Heavy Sun. The most striking consequence of Hoyle-Narlikar gravitation is that it explains how the mass of every particle in the universe helps to create the mass of every other particle. As Hoyle and Narlikar see it, a universe with nothing in it is impossible. There must be at least two particles, each to give mass to the other.

The masses, and therefore the gravity, of the sun and the earth are partly due to each other, partly to more distant objects such as the stars and galaxies. According to Hoyle, if the universe were to be cut in half, local solar-system gravitation would double, drawing the earth closer to the sun. The pressure in the sun's center would increase, thus raising its temperature, its generation of energy and its brightness. Before being seared into a lump of charcoal, a man on earth would find his weight increasing from 150 to 300 lbs.

Hoyle is well aware that he will never be able to prove such ominous claims by experiment. He is hopeful, though, that someone, some time, will devise a practical way to test his theories.

AERODYNAMICS

Tilting Plus Swiveling Makes Agile Aircraft

Whatever weapons the Air Force finally gets for big wars of the future—manned supersonic bombers, or more potent missiles, or a mix of both—there is little argument about what is needed for the small, brushfire battles of the present. Army, Air Force, Navy and Marine Corps all agree that they need fighter planes and transports husky enough to handle modern arma-

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* Mass is that property of a body which resists change of motion. On the surface of the earth, it is closely equivalent to weight. Austrian Physicist Ernst Mach (1838-1916), who gave his name to the principle, is better known today for Mach numbers, a method of measuring speed in multiples of the speed of sound.

ment, yet agile enough to take off and land on back-country roads or small jungle clearings.

The problems that must be solved are already encouraging fanciful flights of aerodynamicists' imaginations. The suggested solutions are many and bizarre. Some of the more interesting:

► **LIFT WING:** Rolled out last week by Ling-Temco-Vought, Inc. of Dallas, the XC-142A transport has four turbo-prop engines and a wing that can be tilted for takeoff so that its four 15.6-ft. propellers point upward. When they all are pulling together, the props should generate enough direct lift to raise the plane vertically. When safely above obstacles, the pilot will gradually tilt the wing into normal flying position. The plane has yet to be flown, but its designers admit that it is no speedster. It will cruise at less than 300 m.p.h.,

and its operating radius with full load is only about 230 miles. These limits are the penalties it pays for its vertical lifting power.

► **LIFT ENGINES:** Other aircraft designers prefer to keep their wings fixed and to swivel only the engine or the engine exhaust. The Curtis-Wright X-19 has four tiltable engines on the tips of two stubby wings. The Bell X-22A has four tiltable propellers in circular ducts. Neither plane has yet completed successful tests, but two years ago the British were already flying the Hawker Siddeley P-1127, which has a single jet engine with 13,500 lbs. of thrust. During takeoff, the engine's exhaust gases are diverted downward, exerting enough thrust to lift the airplane off the ground. At cruise altitude, the exhaust is switched to the rear and the plane flies in normal jet-plane style. The P-1127 has done everything claimed for it, but its payload is small, and it is too slow to be of much value as a fighter. Hawker Siddeley is building a bigger model with a more powerful vectored thrust engine that it expects to be supersonic and also able to take off from British lanes.

► **LIFT ENGINES:** In yet another approach to the problem, France's Dassault Mirage III-V will pack eight small Rolls-Royce jet engines thrusting downward. When well in the air, a larger jet will take over and push the plane forward at supersonic speed. Its designers admit that the vertical engines will be dead cargo most of the time, but they think vertical engines will have less effect on performance than dual-purpose engines that are too powerful for efficient horizontal flight. A German V-STOL, the Bolkow, Heinkel and Messerschmitt VJ-101C, varies the French formula slightly by having two main engines that are tiltable and supplementing their thrust with two vertical-lift engines. The VJ-101C has made many vertical takeoffs with successful transition to horizontal flight.

► **LIFT FAN:** Perhaps the most imaginative design of all is the XV-5A lift fan built by Ryan Aeronautical Co. and General Electric. At first glance, it looks like an ordinary jet fighter with two engines, but set into the stubby wings are what seem to be large manhole covers. When opened, each cover exposes a fan 5 ft. in diameter. When valves close off the tailpipe of the jet engines, racing exhaust gases hit the tips of the fan blades and spin them at high speed. Twin blasts of air are forced downward, and their powerful thrust lifts the airplane off the ground. Transition to horizontal flight is made by gradually opening the normal tailpipe and covering the wing fans. So far the XV-5A has been tested only in conventional flight. If the XV-5A succeeds in taking off vertically and making the transition to horizontal flight, it will be the only speedy V-STOL that does not carry more engine power than it needs to fly on the level.

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LING-TEMPCO-VOUGHT'S XC-142A



BRITAIN'S P-1127



GERMANY'S VJ-101C



RYAN'S XV-5A
Built for back-country roads.



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ART

SCULPTURE

Merlin with Magnets

Sculpture must defy gravity, says Alberto Collie, and by using magnets he performs feats of levitation with objects made of aluminum, copper and magnesium. Though Collie's magnetized sculptures do not soar with full airborne freedom, they do hover and float above their pedestals, attached by almost imperceptible nylon strings. The effect is playful and magical—rather like Collie himself, who combines the hot-eyed zeal of a young Merlin with the twinkly-eyed grin of a boy with

ward, tethered by a thread. Each open end of the sculpture gives out a sound like a giant sea shell humming with the rhythm of breakers. If the viewer steps back a few paces, the interior spheres look like twin, lightless moons haunting the barren landscape of a science-fiction planet.

Collie's spatial-absolutes represent a marriage of technology and art, but science is clearly the stronger partner. Yet Collie insists that he is no technological fakelike catering to a novelty-hungry art public that is ready to pay \$1,000 to \$3,500 for his floating sculpture. In his obsession with simplicity



SCULPTOR COLLIE & SPATIAL-ABSOLUTE

Doing what Brancusi would have liked to do.

a toy. Collie, 25, calls his works spatial-absolutes: spatial because they are floating in space, absolute because "the true essence of a shape, its 100% value" can be fully experienced and appreciated only when it is lifted from its base.

Two sculptural shapes dominate Collie's show at Manhattan's Nordens Gallery. One is a tilted disk that looks like a model of a flying saucer. Such disks jiggle at a fingertip touch, but may weigh as much as 13 lbs.—as a thief discovered when he tried to whisk one away from the Chrysler Art Museum, only to have it drop with a clang. The second, also a space-age motif, resembles the hollow cone of a missile. Inside, visible from both ends, are two metallic spheres, one hanging down like a tiny bathysphere on its nylon thread, and by its magnet attracting the magnet in another sphere that levitates up-

ward and freedom of form, he argues that his shapes "derive from Brancusi. If he were alive today, he would have released his *Bird in Space* and freed the *Fish* to swim. He simply lacked the technology that we have today. His work implies flight." Collie promises to fly even higher in his next show: no strings.

PAINTING

History in Portraits

Gilbert Stuart tartly maintained that "no one would paint history who could do a portrait," but as the chief depicter of George Washington, he showed that to paint portraits is often to paint great history. Over the centuries, on a less exalted plane, an amazing amount of homely personal history also stuck to the brushes of the portrait painters, but the daguerreotype and the photograph in the end reduced this broad popular stream of American art to a trickle. The rise and decline of portraiture is the most striking theme of a World's Fair exhibit called "Four Centuries of Amer-

ican Masterpieces" (see opposite page) and housed in the Better Living Center.

More Doll Than Boy. The first New World painters called themselves artisans and drew picture signs for taverns, or coated fire buckets, depending on the state of business. In that stern and frugal age, a commission for a portrait was a plum. "Limning" a portrait meant producing a flat two-dimensional likeness, and what gives tang to these works now is the period flavor and not any sureness of craft or conviction of life. Primitive, untutored and serene, the anonymous 1670 *Portrait of Henry Gibbs* is a charming example of the limner's style. The floor is in perspective; little Henry is not. More girl than boy, more doll than either, the child seems to be floating through the picture, not rooted in it. Yet the boy's and the painting's mood of grave, graceful self-possession is undiminished after nearly three centuries. In time, the limners became the itinerant painters who crisscrossed the continent by foot, horseback and wagon well into the 19th century, painting family portraits in return for food and temporary lodging.

Artists of loftier vocation expatriated themselves to study in England and to absorb the classic mastery of Renaissance portraiture. John Singleton Copley was one such, but before he left U.S. shores, he had already put together a masterly portrait gallery of some of his fellow Bostonians. His *Portrait of Nathaniel Hurd*, a famed silversmith and engraver, stares back at the observer with a keen, curious, probing intensity that is uncannily lifelike. As John Adams said of Copley's portraits: "You can scarcely help discoursing with them, asking questions and receiving answers."

Bravado & Bravery. The idea that portraits were history came naturally to Western Painter George Catlin. In the 1830s he resolved to assemble a pictorial record of the last golden years of the Indians freely living their own lives. He rode across hundreds of miles of unmaped prairie, visited 48 tribes and painted 600 pictures. His *Indian Boy* is a triumph of photographic realism blended with psychological insight. There is a trace of bravado in the boy's stance, backed by ultimate bravery in the clenched right fist. Around the eyes and mouth is the faint hint of sadness of a boy fated never to roam and rule the land of his father.

The mask of anguish in Marsden Hartley's *The Lost English* hides a different sort of grief. It is a symbol of womanhood mourning her drowned sons. The 20th century's passion for abstraction makes any representational figure seem accessibly human, but the grieving mother in Hartley's picture resembles a woman only in the way that an eerie echo resembles a voice. The intentional distortions of the 1939 picture ironically complete the cycle begun with the unintentional distortions of the 1670 picture. Perhaps fittingly, the decline of portraiture ends without a portrait.

Using the principle that identical magnetic poles (two norths or two souths) repel each other, Collie embeds light, powerful ceramic magnets in the floating and fixed elements of his sculptures, which are themselves made of light, nonmagnetic metals.

Four Centuries of American Faces



COLONIAL 1670 PORTRAIT OF HENRY GIBBS



J. S. COPLEY'S C. 1770 OIL OF NATHANIEL HURD



GEORGE CATLIN'S 1835 STUDY OF AN INDIAN BOY



MARSDEN HARTLEY'S 1939 "THE LOST FELICE"

Great Ideas of Western Man ... one of a series

Ralph Waldo Emerson on the Individual

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous half possession.

Container Corporation of America



SELF-RELIANCE 1841

ARTIST: FLORE FRIEDBERG



Container Corporation of America



MUSIC

CONDUCTORS

Younger than Springtime

The old lady is 79; the old man is nearly 70. They have been courting each other every spring for the past 34 years. But to tradition-steeped Boston, the match is as youthful as ever. The town turns out when the red neon sign atop Symphony Hall blinks Pops, Pops, and Conductor Arthur Fiedler signals the first, firm downbeat to his first love, the Boston Pops Orchestra.

On the gladiola-banked Pops podium last week, the silver-haired maestro, who is celebrating his first half-century with the Boston Symphony, proved once more that in a city which demands the best in music, his fizzy Pops concerts are the perfect spring tonic. The formula is familiar: two parts classical and semiclassical to one part popular—plus a dash of the unexpected.

Fiedler puts things together with an unerring knack for creative programming and a repertoire of close to a thousand selections from Bach to Chubby Checker. With exuberant ease, the maestro and 90 members from the Boston Symphony Orchestra achieve what many of their imitators are still striving for—popularity for Pops.

Header Stuff. Shoehorned into green-and-gilt chairs at dime-sized tables, last week's audience snacked on ham sandwiches, strawberry sundaes, champagne, beer, pink "Pops punch" and Fiedler's musical buffet—everything from a glass-rattling Sousa march ("to get everybody's attention") to a Mendelssohn concerto, a Strauss waltz, a Weber overture and a splash of lushly orchestrated show tunes. For surprise encores Vau-devillian Fiedler uncorked a brassy, off-Beatle *I Want to Hold Your Hand* complete with handclapping and nasal chorus of "Yeah, Yeah, Yeah" from the string section, and a breezy *Hello, Dolly!* punctuated with the wheeee of a child's slide whistle and the oooga oooga of a Klaxon horn.

"You've got to give people a program that has easy appeal," explains Fiedler, "something for everybody, a great variety of the best music played with love and kisses but never over-good. You can't really enjoy something if there is no fun in it." Served up Fiedler fashion, Pops concerts are so much fun that they are hooked solid up to a year in advance by such diverse groups as the Democratic Women on Wheels and the Boston Police Department. "Fiedler could conduct six nuns playing the cello and it would be a sell-out," claims one Pops musician.

For all his high jinks, though, Fiedler liberally laces his joy juice with header stuff from Handel, Frescobaldi, Poulenc and Stravinsky. He delights in proclaiming, "I've been accused of making more friends for music than any other con-

ductor. I have no use for those snobs who look down their noses at everything but the most highbrow music. I'm a serious musician, but I don't want to be classified. I'd be bored doing only symphony music."

Fire Buff. Descendant of a long line of fiddling Fiedlers (his father and two uncles were violinists with the B.S.O.), Arthur studied at Berlin's Royal Academy of Music, joined the Boston Symphony in 1915 and played musical chairs (violin, viola, celesta, piano, organ and percussions) before he founded the open-air Esplanade Concerts in 1929 and began luring up to 20,000 persons across the Arthur Fiedler Bridge to the banks of the Charles River for free concerts. In 1930 he became the first Boston-bred conductor of the Pops.

An irrepressible fire buff, Fiedler indoctrinated his Beacon Hill socialite bride by squiring her to all-night vigils in firehouses, for variety dragged her along on forays with the Boston police. Today the Fiedlers live in a baronial brick mansion in Brookline with their two daughters, a son, and a collection

of fire helmets and honorary fire-chief badges from some 90 cities.

The future? "Fifty more years," he says grandly, professing again his allegiance to Rossini's credo: "Every kind of music is good—except the boring kind."

OPERA

Right in the Heart of Paris

As soon as the curtain dropped on the performance of Bellini's *Norma*, fist fights erupted, insults bounced between boxes, and the grandly helmeted Gardes Républicains clanked into action. One bejeweled matron tore the glasses off a startled young man next to her; another dug her fingernails into her adversary's Balenciaga décolleté. Dress Designer Yves Saint Laurent dealt his neighbor a smart kick in the shins. Monaco's Princess Grace, along with Charlie Chaplin, his wife and his brood, fled for the exits. Aristotle Onassis and Rudolf Bing stayed on to applaud. The tumult raged for a full 30 minutes. Then at 2 a.m., the object of it all, Maria Callas, slipped out the stage door of the Paris Opera, ducked into her flower-strewn limousine, and



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"I hate Fedders"



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"If you've tussled with as many air conditioners as I have, you'd learn pretty quick why Fedders isn't a candidate for big repair jobs.

"They build a refrigerating plant that's as precisely engineered as a fine watch. And as rugged as a Sherman tank. They sure load copper into those big cooling coils—some models use as much as 22 stories of copper tubing. They do this to get rid of heat faster.

"And it prevents pressure build-ups that could mean costly hermetic repair jobs.

"I don't even get many routine repair jobs from Fedders. You'd expect that a machine, standing outdoors for years in all sorts of weather, would need some kind of work from time to time. Not Fedders. Their fan-motors, for instance, are weatherproofed to keep rain from getting inside. Rain-proofed on the outside, too, so no rust collects there, either. Those heavy-gauge zinc-clad steel cabinets won't warp, leak or rust out either. I can't ever remember replacing or repairing one.

"There's not much I can do about air conditioner noise complaints, but I sure get plenty of them. Not from Fedders owners. Fedders has a new Sound Barrier design that quiets air conditioning to a whisper. They keep

coming up with things like that every year, selling more and more Fedders.

"Right now, one out of every two Fedders is sold to an existing Fedders owner...or to their friends. Fedders sales are getting bigger and bigger.

"So where does that leave me?

"It's a good thing for me they don't all build 'em like Fedders."



World's largest-selling air conditioners

FEDDERS

purred off into the balmy Paris night.

Pro- and anti-Callas factions have been squaring off ever since the celebrated diva opened in *Norma* a month ago. But the big uproar began when at one performance she reached for a high C and nothing came out, eliciting a cry of "Take her to the cloakroom!" from the gallery. Despite the furor, Callas and *Norma* were judged a triumph by the Paris critics, who CARED ABOUT A LITTLE B-FLAT, headlined *Paris Presse*. This week, at the conclusion of *Norma's* run, everyone agreed that Director Georges Auric, 65, who was hired two years ago on his promise to "bring a breath of new life" to the Paris Opera, had delivered the most exciting season in recent memory.

Tourists Only. When Auric first took on the weighty title of *Administrateur de la Réunion des Théâtres Lyriques*



AURIC & CALLAS
Breathing new life.

Nationaux, he took on a ponderous load of problems as well (TIME, April 27, 1962). Mired in a vast swamp of bureaucracy, militant unions and second-rate talent, the state-operated Paris Opera had foundered helplessly for nearly two decades. Five postwar administrators had promised revolution, only to sink quietly into the morass. Some tried staging productions *à la Folies-Bergère*, featuring flights of ballerinas being hoisted to heaven on wires, madly flapping their arms and showering rose petals while spray guns hissed perfume into the audience. But the audiences hissed right back, and the Paris Opera, a towering rococo palace covering three acres right in the heart of the city, remained a flop.

Vowing to change all that in short order or else resign, Auric started helpfully by scheduling Alban Berg's fiercely modern *Wozzeck*. "If I am not able to mount this production," he declared, "I will know that nothing can be done for the National Opera here." He demanded an unprecedented 35 rehearsals, grappled successfully with eleven labor unions (guardians of the Opera's bloated staff of 1,100, including 95

Rockwell Report

by A. C. Daugherty

President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



"WHY DON'T WE TRY IT?" is one of the most useful phrases any manager in our company can employ. It proves his willingness to experiment and innovate.

If he's referring to a new product, a new manufacturing process or purchasing method, he's usually talking about something tangible that will have a measurable result, and it will be implemented or discarded on that basis.

More and more, we're learning to insist that the *intangible* innovations and experiments must pass the same test. Otherwise a decision just to "try" something for a while eventually is forgotten, and what originally was intended only as an experiment becomes standard practice, often without anyone really noticing.

This is why we tell our manager to go ahead when he says, "Why don't we try it?"—after he has committed himself to two things: (1) he must set specific clearly-defined objectives that the experiment is to accomplish and (2) the results must be measured at the end of a stated period of time.

In this way, the manager is committed in advance to make a decision based on results. He must conclude whether the experiment has been a success or a failure, or perhaps that it should be altered in some way, and the trial period extended.

Thus by dealing with an intangible innovation in a tangible way, the good idea will not get lost. And there is less chance that a weak or misdirected idea will survive.

Not long ago our Municipal and Utility Division published a special issue of its "Water Journal" magazine on the subject, "The Super City of Tomorrow." Containing articles from an impressive panel of urban development authorities, this particular issue seems to have struck a responsive chord with a great many people in and out of government. If you have some interest in the problems and opportunities that face our cities in the future, let us know and we'll mail you a copy.

A new series of Rockwell-Buckeye automation drills offers an almost unlimited flexibility to general industry and automotive manufacturers. In a matter of seconds they can drill, ream and tap all the holes in a complicated part at one time. This part can be as small as a piston assembly or as large as an auto body.

Our Power Tool Division has also produced a new Power Booster that can increase the power of some portable electric tools up to 50 percent. It plugs into any 110-volt AC outlet and makes it possible to do heavier work faster without straining or overheating the tool.

Still another new product is the compact, powerful Laminate Plastic Trimmer. It offers a tremendous time saving in the job of trimming laminate plastic veneers on sink tops, cabinets, home and industrial furniture, etc. It provides a more accurate and better looking finish too.

(This is the first Rockwell Report from Rockwell's new president, A. C. Daugherty. He will be sharing authorship from now on with W. F. Rockwell, Jr., vice chairman and chief executive officer.)

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, makers of Measurement and Control Devices, Instruments, and Power Tools for twenty-two basic markets.



Rockwell
MANUFACTURING COMPANY



Who put the Green Stripe on a Scotch whisky?

Andrew Usher did, a bit of an individualist. ■ He made the first really light Scotch in 1853, and to set it apart he gave it the Green Stripe. People liked Usher's light smooth whisky, and news about it spread. Years later a lot of distillers began making light Scotch—but nobody ever made one better. ■ Green Stripe doesn't cost you anything more.

stagehands, 35 firemen, 32 electricians, 30 wardrobe mistresses), but still lacked funds for his crash program.

New Era. Undaunted, Auric, who lives in the shadow of the Elysées Palace, marched across the street to have a word with an influential neighbor—General Charles de Gaulle. "We understood each other perfectly," says Auric, chomping on his cigar. "I just said to him, 'General, I need money.' Then I explained the situation, and everything went off very well."

Wozzeck was a smash. "How long," mused *L'Express*, "has it been since L'Opéra de Paris has offered its public a work of such strength, executed with such care, love and precision down to the slightest detail? Not since the war certainly." Hiking the cost of tickets up to a high of \$16 for *Norma* and brazenly importing big-name, high-priced foreign artists in excess of the legal quota (by government decree not more than 10% of the singers can be foreign), Auric mounted new productions of *Tannhäuser*, *Don Carlos* and *The Damnation of Faust*. After the first two years, critics were heralding "a new era."

"It's still too early to tell," insists Auric, mindful that many of the old problems, such as the regulation limiting rehearsal time to a mere three hours daily, still exist. But despite his caution, the signs are all good. Parisians queued up before dawn to get tickets to *Norma*, and a black market in seats is prospering nicely.

COMPOSERS

Britten-san

During a tour of Tokyo eight years ago, Composer Benjamin Britten was introduced to "a totally new operatic experience"—a Japanese *No* drama. Fascinated by the stark economy of style and the eerie mixtures of guttural chants, drums and flute, Britten decided that it might be interesting to give an English background to the simple tale of *Sumida-gawa*—a demented mother seeking her lost child.

Britten finally brought East and West together last week in a 14th century Norman church near his home in Aldeburgh, a tiny (pop. 3,000) fishing village on the windswept east coast of England. The occasion was the 17th Aldeburgh Music Festival, where right from the start the main attraction has always been Townsman Britten. The premiere was just about to begin when a thunderstorm knocked out the electricity. When light was restored, Britten unfolded his hour-long opera, *Curlew River*, a moving parable patterned after an English medieval mystery play, but with strong *No* overtones in its echoes of *Sumida-gawa*, its incantatory music and its austere dramatic styling. Did it mark a new "Oriental period" for Britten? Press and public agreed that *Curlew River* may not be a major work, but it may well mark a turning point in Britten's creative career.

Blended Scotch Whisky. 86.8 Proof. ©1964 The Jos. Garneau Co., New York, N. Y.



DOLAN'S FOLLY

Or, how The St. Paul Multicover Plan can gather your insurance into one tidy package (and save you money)

This Chinese puzzle is known to The St. Paul Insurance Companies as Dolan's Folly. Because it is.

When the puzzle comes apart, the unrelated, scattered pieces stand for the unrelated insurance policies you may now be carrying.

Put together, it is a symbol of The St. Paul's Multicover Plan.

One insurance package.

One premium to pay.

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And one of our plans, at least, saves 15% or more on basic business coverage.

Well, Dolan was so excited over the Multicover Plan that he got

out of hand. He ordered 15,000 of these wooden puzzles.

We unloaded 2,000 of them, but there are 13,000 left.

Will 13,000 of you please write and get a free Chinese puzzle?

And if you're a good risk, please consider the tremendous benefits of The St. Paul Multicover Plan. It's worth a serious thought.

It is designed for the independent business or professional man; it can be formed to fit your individual needs from more than 40 different coverages.

Don't forget Dolan.

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MODERN LIVING

TRAVEL

The Precious Few

That major American export, the tourist, is once again beginning to fan out across what Novelist Nancy Mitford's Uncle Matthew used to call "bloody abroad." The old familiar faces—collegian and schoolteacher, all-expenser and retiree—are about to turn up in the old familiar places, at the old familiar prices.

This year there will be more of them than ever. Airlines estimate an increase of about 25% over last year's record load of 683,000 Europe-bound passengers from May through September.¹ It is not just that hotels in Paris, London, Rome and Athens are jammed; even such once-obscure places as Portofino and Majorca are out of the ques-

tion to sex. And against this black and blue landscape are some 25 dazzling white Saracen-style houses built by rich vacationers, plus a hotel called Les Sables Noirs. Built around a flower-filled patio, Les Sables Noirs has 25 rooms with baths or showers and a restaurant where lobster and caviar are served to candlelight and the soft Sicilian music of two local singers. Most of the waiters and maids are English or Swedish students, who work there in exchange for three months' vacation. The island's telephones are cut off from 8 p.m. to 8 a.m. And those in the know enjoy the highly civilized isolation (at about \$9 a day, everything included, during July and August). Vulcano's visitors have included Alee Guinness, Adlai Stevenson—and Britain's Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip, whose stay

background of snow-capped mountains. This coast was once a favorite Greco-Roman resort area (one town with a modern population of 500 has an ancient amphitheater with a seating capacity of 30,000), and on one beach the sea laps at the steps of a ruined temple and the traveler swims among marble columns. Not surprisingly, a few rich Europeans and Americans are quietly—and illegally—buying up land through Istanbul front men.

► Belle Ile is one of the prettiest of the offshore islands scattered along France's Atlantic coast, and it is one of the places the French have managed to conceal from tourists. They go there themselves, especially in August, but even then it is not crowded on the sandy beaches, protected by rocky cliffs, off which there is excellent sailing, fishing, swimming and skindiving. Sarah



YUGOSLAVIA'S SVETI STEVAN
Today, the search is for the Unspoiled Spot.

tion. This summer, Scandinavia is experiencing a big influx of those who, having already done the standard museums and churches, are ready for a fiord in their future, with smorgashord and aquavit on the side.

And the search is more intense than ever for the Unspoiled Spot, where Those Who Know can get away from it all for a quiet taste of nepenthe with good food and a clean bed. It is more dream and less reality than ever. But there are still some.

► Vulcano, one of the Aeolian Islands north of Sicily, is compounded of black sand beaches and a wild lava landscape that looks like a modern sculptor's nightmare. The sea around it is an unbelievable sapphire, lined with small white polished stones, through which bubble numerous hot sulphur springs, which are supposed to work wonders on an amazing range of problems from

was unnoted by a single journalist or photographer.

► Yugoslavia has made a remarkable little summer resort out of Sveti Stevan, a 15th century town on a rock outcropping that rises dramatically out of the Adriatic and is connected to the mainland by a causeway that also serves as two splendid beaches. Once a fortress, then a fishing village, then abandoned entirely, it was transformed by the Yugoslav government in 1960 into a town-hotel to attract tourists from Europe and the U.S. The interiors of the old fishermen's houses in the winding streets and tiny flowered squares have been done over as comfortable modern suites with all the conveniences. The town is also equipped with an excellent restaurant that specializes in seafood.

► The south coast of Turkey is so undiscovered as yet that few Turks have heard of it, let alone been there. Most of it can be reached only by yacht, many of which are chartered in Athens, and there are no hotels—only peasant villages, sandy beaches, rocky promontories, azure water, clear skies and a



CONNEMARA'S BALLYNAHINCH CASTLE

Bernhardt had a house there, and there is still an occasional theatrical or intellectual visitor who is delighted to discover hotels such as Manoir de Groulphar with a view of the sea from every one of its rooms.

► Connemara, on the Atlantic coast of Ireland's County Galway, is bleak in winter, but in summer has a dreamy, romantic beauty. Its heather-covered hills and mountains are dotted with trout-filled lakes and riverlets. The hotels are scattered but substantial, and some are notable, such as Ballynahinch Castle, where the fishing is famous. And the food is delicious: trout and salmon, lobsters and crayfish, clams, mussels and—come September—the famous Galway oysters. Not to mention the small Connemara sheep, which range the hills where wild herbs give their meat a rare, delicate taste.

► On Denmark's Jutland peninsula is the small old town of Ebeltoft—a cluster of low red-roofed houses, cobble-

¹ The traffic is heavy in the other direction too: between January and May, the U.S. consulate in Paris granted 57% more visas than in the same period last year.

stone streets and idyllic gardens set in a rolling coastal landscape with good bathing and a fine variety of Viking graves, castle ruins and old country estates within visiting distance. Small inns and pensions are scattered through the area, as well as a modern hotel, Hyde Hus (White House). Visitors to Ebeltoft will also hear the old reassuring sound of a night watchman singing out the hour as he makes his nocturnal rounds.

► One spot so unspoiled that there is still almost nothing there is Sardinia's Costa Smeralda. But a syndicate headed by the Aga Khan is busy trying to change all that. It has launched a \$650 million development along 35 miles of mountainous coastline that embrace scores of beaches and several natural ports. Some 35 hotels are planned, with accompanying golf courses, hunting grounds, polo fields, theaters, nightclubs and casinos. Since the coast at present is nearly devoid of inhabitants, the promoters plan to provide authentic quaintness by building some fishing villages from the ground up, complete with imported fishermen.

GAMES

Yellow Fever

Moving with deadly mischief across the Midwest last week was still another herd of galloping gags. Hard on the heels of the what-its (TIME, May 29), the new yaks cropped up first in newspaper ads and TV spot commercials in Nebraska, Iowa, South Dakota and North Dakota. Designed to stamp out the elephant jokes, they had a more professional intent as well, namely to promote Northwestern Bell Telephone Co.'s classified section. Sample Northwestern ad: "I found intestinal fortitude in the yellow pages. Where? Under Abdominal Supports."

Gagsters instantly leaped into the fray with improvisations of their own. Sample yellow pages:

- A way to get rid of your wife? Under Bags. Disposable.
- Need to get rid of rabbits? See Hair Removers.
- Enlightenment? Under Lamps.
- Looking for an Egyptian doctor? Under Chiropractors.
- An innkeeper? Under Girdles.
- Courtesy? Under Tans.

FASHION

Barely a Bore

Rudi Gernreich was bored to tears with necklines. The V neck, the scoop neck, the boat neck, the turtle neck, the square neck, even the deep-cut plunge, all seemed drags. But the California designer is an all-action-no-talk man, and in no time at all he had pulled himself together and come up with a rather refreshing idea: drop a neckline low enough, say to the waist. Then it actually won't be a neckline at all, and



TOPESS SUIT IN SAN FRANCISCO
So what's news?

no one will be even the least bit bored.

Rudi was right as rain. His topeless bathing suit (designed as "a prediction of things to come") was first modeled in the flesh for buyers early this month, drew S.R.O. crowds and, of course, caused raging controversy. "Now come, boys," wrote the New York Herald Tribune's Eugenia Sheppard, "girls have been dropping the tops of their suits for years." "It has no dignity," snipped Designer Norman Norell, "it's rock bottom." Colleague Oleg Cassini explained that the suit could hardly influence him. "I'm already very conscious," he yawned, "of that part of the anatomy." Through all the fuss, Rudi stood fast, insisted the suit was no gag. "After all," he sighed, "women have been exposing their bosoms all through history. Now all of a sudden it's a big deal."

Buyers, devil-may-care in the showroom, found store owners back home far from bold, and plenty worried. Hess's Department Store, in Allentown, Pa., faced picket lines of women (WE DRAW THE LINE, read the placards),

was stuck with a shipment and the likelihood of few, if any, sales. Manhattan's Lord & Taylor changed its mind even before the suits arrived. "They will be sealed up immediately," said the store's president, Melvin Dawley, "and shipped to the poor." More sophisticated Western ladies snapped up models available in San Francisco stores and over the warnings of local clergymen that "nakedness and paganism go hand in hand," the first few tentative attempts at bare-breasted exposure took place. One deterrent: very few girls have either the courage to strip or the bosom to make it worthwhile.

At week's end, with all counties still not heard from, the topeless suit remained a most delicate issue. As with *Fanny Hill*, the meek trembled while the smart set shrugged. English Channel Swimmer Florence Chadwick got practical and confused things even more. "I'm too modest to wear a topeless suit," said she, "but it actually would be more comfortable. It would be even more comfortable to swim without the bottom on, as well."

Another idea for Rudi—should things get boring again.

THE HOME

Dreams of Glory

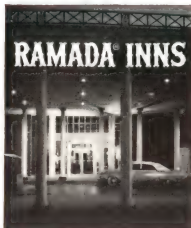
Except for hotels, hospitals and the Ku Klux Klan, almost no one these days gives much of a hoot for white sheets. Once the standard way to dress a bed, they are now hauled out only in an emergency (when nothing else is clean or an unexpected guest arrives), today account for less than 45% of home sales. More and more, the going way to go to bed is in checks and plaids, seascapes, scrollwork, and fields upon blooming fields of flowers. And for the linen closet that has everything, Fieldcrest last week rounded out the collection. The newest way to turn in with style: stars and stripes.

Now no one, but no one, sleeps on the American flag and lives to tell about it. But Fieldcrest insists "Three Cheers"

is merely "a salute to colorful living," with any associations flagwise purely coincidental and absolutely not intended. The colors are red, white and blue, all right, but Betsy Ross didn't patent the scheme. And, most important, the stars and stripes never appear together at the same time on the same sheet, pillowcase or reversible bath towel (stars or stripes, never both, border the sheets, mix or match with towels and pillowcases in overall prints of either pattern). As a final disclaimer, the sheet and pillowcase stripes are slanted. Price: \$3.99 a single sheet, \$1.39 a pillowcase, \$2.99 a towel.



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MILESTONES

Born. To Jomo Kenyatta, 74, Kenya's "Burning Spear" in the days of Mau Mau terror, now Prime Minister, and Ngina Kenyatta, 34, his fourth wife: their second son, fourth child (this eighth); in Nairobi.

Died. Sir Henry Spurrier, 66, recently retired chairman of England's vast Leyland Motor Corp. Ltd., who inherited control from his father in 1942 when Leyland was limited to double-decker buses and army tanks, turned it into the world's largest manufacturer of heavy-duty vehicles by absorbing competitors and peddling everything from panel trucks to earth movers to 130 countries, including Castro's Cuba, to which Leyland is delivering 450 buses in defiance of the U.S. trade embargo; after a long illness; in Preston, England.

Died. The Right Rev. Arthur Barksdale Kinsolving II, 69, Episcopal Bishop of Arizona since 1945, member of a Virginia family that produced nine clergymen (including bishops of Texas and Brazil), who ministered first to West Point cadets, then to Long Island suburbanites before going west, where parishioners ranged from the retired rich to the Havasupai Indians; of brain tumor; in Carmel, Calif.

Died. Giorgio Morandi, 73, Italian painter following the 19th century impressionist style, a self-effacing recluse who spent his days composing serene, Cézanne-like still lifes of bottles, vases and flowers, which brought as much as \$10,000 on the open market but which he usually sold to dealers for less than \$200 because "I would consider it an immoral exploitation if I accepted such sums"; after a long illness; in Bologna.

Died. Virgil Venice McNitt, 83, publisher, who in 1922, with Charles McAdam, founded the McNaught Syndicate, a newspaper feature service named after McNitt's Scottish ancestors, soon hit it rich by selling the homespun aphorisms of Will Rogers to 700 U.S. dailies, went on to establish such other favorites as Dale Carnegie and Joe Palooka; of cancer; in Southbridge, Mass. Still going strong in 1,000 newspapers under McAdam, 72, the syndicate now features, besides tireless Joe, the Flintstones, Dixie Dugan, Mickey Finn, and Abigail ("Dear Abby") Van Buren.

Died. The Most Rev. Edmund Gibbons, 95, oldest Roman Catholic bishop in the U.S. and head of the Albany, N.Y., diocese from 1919 to 1954, a tireless crusader against child labor, satelicious movies, bingo, and atheists of every sort, who once said of Thomas Edison, "I believe the publicity given to his lack of faith made him one of the greatest detriments to the world today"; in Albany.



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 TIME, JUNE 26, 1964

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U.S. BUSINESS



STATE OF BUSINESS

How They're Spending Their Tax-Cut Money

In the past dozen weeks, shopkeepers and economic policymakers have pondered a \$9 billion question: What would consumers do with their new tax savings? Some businessmen wondered whether the extra \$4-a-week in the average paycheck would really bolster their sales by much. Others worried that consumers might go on a spending binge, which could turn the orderly economic expansion into an "overheated boom" followed by an inevitable day of reckoning. Last week it became clear that consumers are indeed increasing their spending, apparently just enough to give the economy a nice lift without producing too much heat.

Looking over the new statistics on retail sales, up a handsome 1.5% during May, Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges said that the cut "is beginning to take effect pretty well." There was a distinct shift in mood among the nation's storekeepers, many of whom had not seen much change at the cash registers in the first few weeks after the reduction. Said James Bliss, counsel for the National Retail Merchants Association: "All of a sudden, merchants seem to be unified in the belief that the extra dollars are finding their way into stores all down the line."

More Saving. The billion-dollar figures are being translated into millions of everyday, personal decisions to spend. In San Francisco, the Western Girl temporary-employee-placement firm asked its young women how they were handling their plumper paychecks, reported that "the majority are putting it toward better living, new clothes, things like that." Travel agents say that the tax cut is largely responsible for the upsurge in their go-now, pay-later installment business. "This means taking my family to Scotland instead of Massachusetts this summer," beamed a Columbia Broadcasting vice president. Compared with the same month of last year, sales

during May in leading chain stores and mail-order houses were up 11%.

A good part of the money is also being saved or used to reduce personal debts. Only 153 out of every 10,000 installment borrowers are behind by 30 days or more in their payments, the lowest number in five years. New deposits in savings and loan associations during May ran 3% higher than in the same month in 1963, the first such gain this year. To Washington's chart watchers, this is a clue that many Americans are building up a backlog of spendable funds that will contribute to keeping the economic expansion going.

More Production. Helped in large part by the healthy mix of spending and saving, the economy continues to do well. That important barometer of investor confidence, the Dow-Jones average of 30 industrial stocks, rose for four straight sessions last week, closed just five points off its alltime high of 830.17. Last week also the Commerce Department reported that the average American factory worker earned a record \$102.97 a week before taxes during May, and that industrial production—the supreme measure of business expansion—climbed by more than one-half of 1%, to 130.3% of the 1957-59 average.

AUTOS

Year of the Coffee Break

In three conference rooms around Detroit, preparations are being made for a decisive confrontation. At the corporate headquarters of General Motors, Ford and Chrysler, janitors are washing blackboards, flicking pieces of lint from carpets and drapes, buffing and rebuffing elongated tables. Across these tables next week, scores of bargainers from the auto industry's Big Three will square off against negotiators from the United Auto Workers in Round 1 of the 1964 labor negotiations.

At issue are the wages and working

conditions not only of the automobile industry's 565,000 blue-collar employees but of millions of other industrial workers, whose new contracts will be strongly influenced by Detroit's pattern. Should the negotiators fail to close a deal by the deadline on Aug. 31—when the '65 models will be rolling out—a strike could brake the industry's three-year boom and dent the whole economy. Noting that the auto companies are enjoying "fantastic" profits, the union figures this is a good year to step up to the higher-priced field itself. President Walter Reuther insists that "only a fool or an economic moron could suggest that we are not entitled to greater equity."

What Walter Wants. The Johnson Administration has asked labor leaders to limit their wage-and-benefit demands to 3.2%, but Reuther says he will fight for 4.9% or more because productivity is rising faster in autos than in some other industries. Detroit anticipates that Reuther will seek a wage raise on top of the annual boost of 2.5% or 6¢ an hour—which ever is higher—that the auto companies already award for higher productivity. A still more important issue will be his demand for earlier retirement and fatter pensions. The rank and file have been pressing their leaders for a plan to cut mandatory retirement age from 68 to 65, to reduce the voluntary retirement age from 60 to something less and to raise pensions to a minimum of \$400 a month, including social security benefits.

The most emotional issue involves not money but working conditions. Specifically, the unionists want more free time



U.A.W.'S REUTHER



G.M.'S SEATON

Time to step up to the higher-priced field?

to escape from the noise, perhaps go to the toilet or relax over a cup of coffee. In most plants, auto workers can leave the production line only for their 30-minute unpaid lunch break and two twelve-minute paid periods during the eight-hour shift. Now the union wants to shut down the assembly lines for at least 15 minutes during each shift—making a total of 39 minutes' released time. Says U.A.W. Vice President Leonard Woodcock, who will conduct most of the negotiations with G.M.: "You have coffee breaks on assembly lines all over the world. Only the U.S. has no coffee breaks on the assembly line."

Drawing the Line. The Big Three negotiators seem disposed to grant some wage increase and some form of earlier retirement. But they draw a firm line against the U.A.W.'s proposed changes in working conditions, particularly those

would probably be settled quickly. Reason: 1964 is an election year, the first one since 1948 to run concurrent with auto labor talks. Walter Reuther does not want to embarrass Lyndon Johnson in the heat of his own battle, and neither side relishes the prospect of federal intervention at the bargaining table.

AVIATION

The Pilot Shortage

When the commercial jets flew into service, they made the airline pilot a surplus commodity. Because the airlines could carry many more people much faster, they needed smaller fleets of planes and fewer men to fly them. The lines laid off hundreds of pilots, demoted countless others to lower ranks in the cockpit. Now the situation has made a full turn; for the first time in

usually picked up many pilots from the ranks of young officers who quit the Air Force after a few years; but with the switch to missiles, the military is training fewer pilots. Simultaneously, many of the pioneering pilots of the 1920s and 1930s are reaching the compulsory retirement age of 60. The Air Line Pilots Association figures that 1,400 older commercial pilots—10% of the nation's total—will get their wings clipped within the next decade. Says A.L.P.A.'s magazine: "Only a national emergency requiring the training of thousands will create a surplus."

MERCHANDISING

Johnson's Wash-'n'-Wax

A shining exception to the rule that family-owned companies no longer achieve great growth is S. C. Johnson & Son, the household-wax titan from Racine, Wis. In an industry where Pledge is a product and Pledge outsells competing furniture polishes 2 to 1, Johnson has cleaned up millions. Yet it has never had to sell a share to the public, never made an acquisition in its progress to the top floor of the \$200 million-a-year wax and polish business.

This week, in a tradition-breaking move, Johnson's Wax will announce that it has put up an undisclosed part of its ample cash resources to buy control of General Autowash Systems of Grand Rapids, Mich. Using chemical sprays instead of brushes to wash cars, General's system trims labor costs by at least 50%, according to Johnson's estimate. Johnson intends to add waxing to the operation for an extra charge, open 300 wash-'n'-wax drive-ins around the country.

Three Leaders. Johnson's Wax has done things differently ever since the late Samuel Curtis Johnson, a salesman of wood flooring, sent along a can of wax with each parquet floor he sold 78 years ago. That proved to be a shrewd idea, for parquet dropped out of fashion a few years later, and Johnson went into wax fulltime. Today the company that he founded is led by a troika. Grandson H. F. (for Herbert Fisk) Johnson, 64, board chairman, directs marketing. Great-Grandson Samuel Curtis Johnson, 36, is executive vice president in charge of new products—and has been the obvious heir to the top job ever since he was in the crib. Finance is handled by Howard Merrill Packard, 54, the only non-Johnson ever to serve as president.

Though the family does not publish company statistics, industry insiders reliably estimate Johnson's Wax sales at close to \$150 million, on which it earned at least \$11 million last year. Smart merchandising counts most in the wax business, and Johnson is usually a stride ahead of competitors. It was among the first to switch from natural waxes to lower-cost synthetics in 1950, turned to aerosols (now 70% of industry sales) while competitors clung to older wipe-on waxes and polishes. The



UNITED AIR LINES TRAINEES IN DENVER
Climbing toward \$35,000 a year.

extra minutes of what they call "time-paid-not-worked" that would add millions of dollars to labor costs. In the last negotiations three years ago, both sides reached agreement on economic issues (the U.A.W. got a package amounting to 17¢ an hour), but disputes over working conditions provoked strikes by maverick locals that paralyzed both Ford and G.M. for about two weeks. "The chances of trouble this year are greater than they have been at any time since 1946," says one top negotiator. "Somebody's got to come down off the mountain."

The U.A.W. may well concentrate its attack on General Motors and its tenacious negotiator Louis Seaton, because G.M. has the highest profit margin. Both sides will huff and puff down to the end, orating for their grandstands at the start, then making a hurry-up effort to talk to each other. One auto company vice president observes that "it always comes down to the last week, when G.M. makes another, more liberal offer." There could very well be a strike of sorts in September, but it

the annals of peacetime aviation, there is a serious pilot shortage.

TWA says it "desperately needs pilots," recently hired 190 of them, its first newcomers since 1957. To sell flying careers to young men, it sends teams of pilots on speaking tours around the country. Pan Am hopes to hire up to 275 pilots this year. Eastern has been recruiting at Air Force bases, recently added 400. TWA, Eastern and United also have been advertising in the help-wanted columns, and United is busy at its large flight-training school at Denver, intends to break in more than 1,000 men over the next two years.

The pay is high, and can become sky-high. Pilots who handle the large jets begin at \$6,000 to \$6,720 the first year, then soar to some \$35,000, plus many benefits, by the ninth year—for 85 airborne hours a month.

Why, then, the shortage? For one thing, the surge in travel has led airlines to greatly expand their fleets; last week, TWA announced the largest equipment order in its history, 33 jets totaling \$162 million. The airlines have

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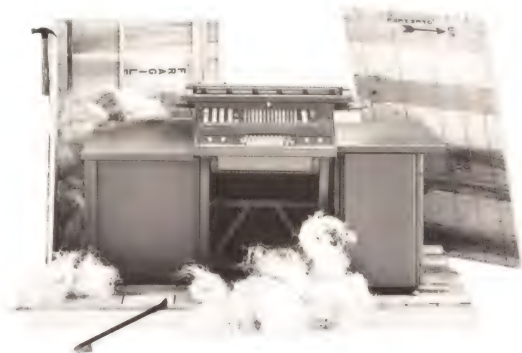
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company raised its research and development staff from 100 to 300 in the past ten years, now markets 750 products. They are put to some unusual uses in unlikely places. Finnish yachtsmen have discovered that Johnson's ordinary Paste Wax keeps barnacles off boat bottoms, and Buganda tribesmen have found that its Oil insect repellent deters the Nile River gnats.

Culture Conscious. Johnson's Wax has more than prosperity: it has culture. It has spent more than \$750,000 to assemble and to exhibit its "Art: U.S.A.; Now" collection, which features 102 contemporary American paintings. The firm has also invested \$3,000,000 in one of the least commercial and most appealing exhibits at the New York World's Fair.

A generation ago, when it was really avant-garde, Frank Lloyd Wright built the famous Johnson home office in Racine—a windowless, block-long building, framed on the outside by 43 miles of glass tubing; on the inside columns taper from the ceiling like giant golf tees. Wright's aim was to create "as inspiring a place to work in as any cathedral ever was to worship in." He might have had something there. The



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Pledge outsells the competition.



Road builders have moved dirt with these since 1914



**Our new way gives the taxpayer
more road for his dollar**

They'll probably never replace the clanking, track-type "bulldozer" in the hearts of small boys. But cost-conscious road builders are more concerned with speed than tradition; that's why they are replacing track-type machines with Clark-built rubber-tire dozers on many jobs. Although slow-moving "crawlers" may sometimes be needed for certain conditions, often just one of Clark's big MICHIGAN® dozers has the speed and power to replace *two* track-type machines. And the taxpayer gets proportionately more for his road dollar. Clark Equipment Company, Buchanan, Michigan.

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DELTA
the air line with the **BIG JETS**

paternalistic, nonunion company has never suffered a strike, never laid off a worker. Even during the Depression it kept everybody working, though some men did nothing but wash floors at headquarters all day. Guess whose products they used.

CONSTRUCTION

Too Much Too Soon?

Construction in the U.S. is humming at a record \$67 billion-a-year rate, and that ought to make everyone close to the building business happy. But it doesn't. There is open concern—expressed by Federal Reserve Board Chairman William McChesney Martin Jr. and chief Presidential Economist Walter Heller, among others—that the long postwar building boom may be coming to a pause. In the past two years, builders have put up twice as many apartments as they did the previous two years, and there has also been a marked rise in the number of office buildings, motels and shopping centers. Now the builders have more on their hands than they need.

From New York to Los Angeles, the apartment vacancy rate is on the rise, climbing to 14% in Philadelphia, 15% in Fort Worth. In Las Vegas, realtors are stuck with 3,200 unrented apartments. Rents in Cleveland and Detroit have already dropped 7% in the past year.

Builders have seen the vacancy signs on the wall, and in many cities are slowing down. Office construction so far this year is off \$20 million in Los Angeles; Phoenix builders recently cut a planned 18-story building to ten stories. In New York City, where a tightening of the zoning code has complicated the contractors' problems, apartment construction is only one-third what it was a year ago. But Southern California builders are constructing 25% more apartments than last year.

Mortgage leaders are becoming much more selective than at any time since World War II. An officer of Manhattan's Manufacturers Hanover Trust Co. says that bankers there are now "looking twice" at all loan applications from builders. Prospective hotel builders have a particularly difficult time finding mortgage money (many lenders believe that the current room shortage in New York City is a short-range phenomenon that will disappear as soon as the World's Fair closes). Partly to tighten up lending by savings and loan associations, the Federal Home Loan Bank Board this year increased the associations' reserve requirements.

It is a fact, however, that while the bankers and bureaucrats are concerned about the short-range outlook, they are not pessimistic about the longer view. They believe that any slump in the near future will not be bad enough to restrain the economy's overall advance, and that demand for buildings will again send construction to new highs by 1967.

PERSONALITIES

FRESH out of the field artillery in 1946, Paul I. Miller took a trainee's job at Wall Street's First Boston Corp. "to give me eating money while I looked around to see what I wanted to do." It turned out to be a tour of extended duty. Last week Miller, at 44, was named president of the nation's largest underwriting house, which last year placed \$2 billion worth of securities. He will be in charge of underwriting, serve as the youngest of the firm's three chief executives (others: Chairman Emil Puttberg Jr., 54, and Executive Committee Chairman Charles Glavin, 53). Tall and greying, Miller is a Philadelphian who went to Princeton. Was he a good student? "Negative," he grins. On the job he gets his greatest satisfaction from advising customers on how and when to raise expansion capital. As he has taken on more responsibility, he has had to give up his favorite diversions, one by one. Miller no longer does much birdwatching. He still holds a private pilot's license, but disposed of his single-engined Comanche 250 a few years ago, and "we sold off the last two little old polo ponies last year."

EDWARD KUKER

PAUL I. MILLER



KENDRICK WILSON JR.

MANHATTAN'S Kendrick R. Wilson Jr., 51, last week was something like a Tiffany manager moving into a ten-cent store. A financier who was trained at U.S. Trust Co. and Lehman Bros. before he rose to the chairmanship of widely diversified Aveco Corp., he agreed to a deal by which Aveco would acquire a small-loan company, Canada's Delta Acceptance Corp., for \$48 million in stock. The swap is anything but penny ante for Aveco, which has been shopping for growth companies in the civilian market to expand its own \$514 million volume in missile parts and motors, corn pickers and corn laundries. Delta last year handled \$242 million worth of appliance paper and personal loans; it would now be able to use Aveco's good connections to raise more capital. "Dick" Wilson runs Aveco with easy informality, says, "We try to operate with a minimum of fuss and paper." He and President James Kerr, 46, have adjoining offices, never use memos when casual conversation will do.



FROM LOCKHEED RESEARCH

Biggest-diameter solid rocket ever fired, biggest hydrofoil ever built

Lockheed research made two significant contributions to the nation's technology last month:

On May 28, at its 9,000-acre Potrero production and test facility in Southern California, Lockheed Propulsion Company fired the U.S. Air Force's first 13-foot-diameter solid-propellant rocket. The test proved the feasibility of segmented rockets of this size, largest that can be transported by rail or highway. It was also the first full-scale test of Lockheed-designed jet tabs for precise steering control of solid rockets, and of the rocket's maraging-steel case.

Solid rocket motors offer the advantages of economy, reliability, instant reaction, and ease of handling. They can be stacked to give the exact power needed for a mission, clustered to provide still greater power.

Lockheed has been working with the Air Force on large solid motors since 1958. Its Potrero base is now being expanded into a production facility, with an initial capacity of one of these huge

motors per month, ultimately six.

On May 8, in Seattle, Lockheed's ship-building subsidiary, Puget Sound Bridge & Dry Dock Company, laid the keel for a 212-foot, 300-ton, all-aluminum hydrofoil vessel for the U.S. Navy (shown in model form above). Powered by two 15,000-hp gas turbines, it will pioneer the development of this new breed of large, high-speed surface vessels.

More examples of the research afoot throughout Lockheed. Both demonstrate the unique ability of America's great aerospace companies to put good ideas to practical use.

LOCKHEED
AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

WORLD BUSINESS

ECONOMISTS

Doctors of Development

The age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists and calculators has succeeded.

Edmund Burke, 1757

In 1964, no statesman of Burke's stature would be so unchivalrous as to lump economists in such questionable company—or so unwise as to be without an economist at his elbow. In the palaces and Parliaments of a hundred countries, economists are increasingly called upon to build, revive or draw together national economies. Their home is no longer the ivory tower, and their profession is no longer the "gloomy science" but a romantic and rewarding

ordinary man earns, the products he can buy, the jobs he can hold. Economists were the first to devise the plans for the Common Market in Europe and the Aswan Dam in Egypt. When Kuwait's government was pondering what to do with its sudden oil riches, it summoned Fakhri Shehab, an Iraq-born Oxford don; he conceived an \$860 million regional-development fund that has extended loans to five Arab nations. Nicholas Kaldor, a Hungarian-born Briton, has drawn up budgets and tax programs for India and Ghana.

Jamaica's W. Arthur Lewis, a Princeton professor, has answered calls from countries in Asia, Africa and the West Indies that are trapped between rising expectations and falling commod-

also the prime mover of the recent U.N. Conference on Trade and Development, is favored to become head of the ambitious global trade organization that grew out of that meeting. True, neither LAFTA nor the U.N. conference has accomplished much, but they are first steps toward greater world trade.

Communists & Capitalists. Even the Communists are grudgingly coming around to recognizing the professional economists for the first time. The most influential one by far is Poland's Oskar Lange, who lived in the U.S. during the 1930s and 1940s, took U.S. citizenship but renounced it after the war, and is now a deputy chairman of the Polish Council of State. In a mildly heretical mood, Lange declared last month:



JAMAICA'S LEWIS



NETHERLANDS' TINBERGEN



U.S.'S TRIFFIN



FRANCE'S MARJOLIN



POLAND'S LANGE

Ranging the world in pursuit of growth.

wielding of power. Lively activists, they range the world in pursuit of the universal goal of economic growth.

Worldly, urbane and versatile, the top economists are first-class customers of the international airlines, often jetting across the oceans a dozen times a year. Fluent in several languages, they are self-confident in discussing the great painters, gourmet restaurants and gross national products of many countries. They tramp the African bush and they savor champagne at diplomatic receptions, where they advise chiefs of state to start new plants or shut down old ones, to expand or contract imports, to invite or restrict foreign capital. The Presidents and Ministers are receptive to the advice, partly because many of them have a much finer appreciation of the nuances of economics than political leaders used to have. Several economists have risen to head governments, including West Germany's Ludwig Erhard, Portugal's António Salazar and Bolivia's Victor Paz Estenssoro. Others, such as Britain's Harold Wilson, are hopefully planning their own takeover.

The Planners. Especially in the newly developing nations that favor highly planned economies, the economists greatly influence the income that the

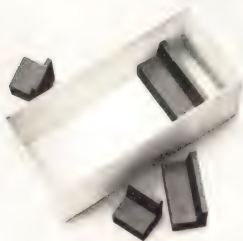
ity prices. No development specialist has been more active than Jan Tinbergen, an obscure Dutchman ("I never gave an interview in my life," said he last week, in his first interview). From his Netherlands Economic Institute in Rotterdam, Tinbergen dispatches experts to 50 countries, where they preach the doctrines of economic planning. Recently he set up branches of his institute in Bangkok and Cairo.

The importance of economic advisers has also grown with the proliferation of common markets, payments unions, development banks and monetary funds—most of which the economists devised, either wholly or in part. Yale's Belgium-born Robert Triffin was the architect of the European Payments Union that abolished strict currency controls; now he is pushing the controversial "Triffin Plan" that would link nations through a world central bank and a single world currency. France's Robert Marjolin, first vice president of the Common Market, is also pressing for the "Marjolin Plan" that would unite nearly all the Six's fiscal and monetary policies in a super federal-reserve system. Argentina's Raúl Prebisch, who initiated and negotiated the Latin American Free Trade Association, was

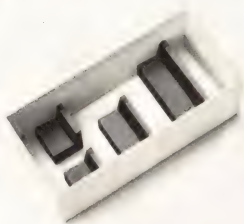
"Marxist political economies originated as a criticism of capitalism. It was not concerned with details of running an economy." While many of the Western economists call for increased planning, Lange's idea of vitalizing a Communist economy is to eliminate much central planning and introduce a full-scale market economy dominated by the profit motive. Lange's writings have seeded increasingly vocal bodies of so-called "revisionist economists" in Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Bulgaria. Pilot schemes for decentralized planning and a form of the profit motive are being tried in East Germany, and even in Russia, where Economist Yevgeni Liberman has incorporated many of Lange's market ideas in his own proposals for decentralization.

Some of the world's most influential thinkers and doers are U.S.-based. But because the big and free U.S. economy has little want or need for central-development plans, these economists usually exercise their greatest influence in foreign countries. M.I.T.'s highly regarded Paul Rosenstein-Rodan helped draw up the industry-priming development scheme for southern Italy (main feature: tax breaks for new industries), and is a regular consultant to the Alli-

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RUSSIA'S LIBERMAN



U.S.'S ROSTOW



U.S.'S GALBRAITH

Influencing what the ordinary man earns and buys.

ance for Progress. Students around the world learn the fundamentals of economics from Paul Samuelson, another M.I.T. professor, whose textbook, *Economics*, is a standard in at least ten languages. The chief U.S. representative to the Alianza, Walt W. Rostow, is better known abroad for his *Stages of Economic Growth*, a do-it-yourself guide to economic development that is gospel for many leaders of underdeveloped lands. These newly arrived politicians are also avid readers of Harvard's John Kenneth Galbraith, whose criticism of high consumer spending and low public spending in *The Affluent Societies* provided many of them with an apology for their planning programs.

Prescriptions & Persuasion. The economists speak with authority in Europe, where even nonsocialist governments believe in more planning than the U.S. does. France is in the midst of its fourth postwar economic plan. Though President de Gaulle has little taste for economics, he has given Pierre Massé, the commissioner of *Le Plan*, free rein to develop the planning machinery, which holds out rewards of tax credits and easy loans for companies that produce what the government suggests. Not long ago, the Common Market paid Massé the compliment of setting up a similar body to plan for the Six. An expert in the complex field of the mathematics of economics, Massé has sharpened his colleagues' ability to predict the consequences of some policies and to propose counteractions by changing interest rates and money supplies.

In Italy, Economist Guido Carli, governor of the central bank, has prescribed strong medicine for the country's debilitating inflation. With the patchwork government of Premier Aldo Moro too weak to take effective action, Carli on his own tightened credit and restricted borrowing from abroad. A convincing negotiator, he was called upon by Moro to persuade socialists and labor leaders to temper their own wage demands and agree to reduced government spending. One result of Carli's influence: Italy's trade balance is improving for the first time in two years.

Pitfalls & Penalties. The economists are far from infallible. It is testimony to their immense power that when they

fail, whole nations can stagger. One reason that India's second five-year plan fell short of goals was that Economist Prasanta Chandra Mahalanobis overestimated the number of jobs that his industrialization ideas would create and underestimated the population growth. Sweden's versatile Gunnar Myrdal, best known in the U.S. for his monumental 1944 study of the race problem, *An American Dilemma*, is still one of the top-rated international economists; while highly regarded abroad, he erred gravely in his native Sweden. Fearing a disastrous, worldwide depression just after the war, Myrdal, then a Cabinet minister, pushed through an odd program that ordered inflationary monetary policies and the continuation of wartime controls. Result: Swedish goods were priced out of world markets, foreign-currency reserves dwindled, the trade deficit soared—and it took years for Sweden to recover. Myrdal went to Geneva for the United Nations, and is now completing a ten-year study of development problems in Southeast Asia.

The penalties can be much worse than tarnished prestige. High on the list of Brazilians who were stripped of their political rights after the government of João Goulart tumbled was Celso Furtado, who is now a virtual exile in his own country. Furtado's trouble was not so much that his plan for slowing Brazil's dizzy inflation failed—Goulart never carried it out—but that his prowess as an economic planner gained him

notoriety, and the incoming government was suspicious of his left-leaning if non-Communist politics. He takes comfort in the fact that his development program for the threadbare northeast successfully brought 200,000 jobs to the area.

Brazil's new strongman, President Humberto Castello Branco, relies heavily on his own brand of idea men. One of his first acts was to draft Roberto Campos as Minister of Economic Planning and give him extraordinary powers to restore some semblance of balance. Campos scorns the inflation-pumping planners who believe, as he says, that "logic, having been invented by the Greeks in the northern hemisphere, cannot be applied south of the Equator." He has taken steps to cut the budget, hold down wage boosts, restrict loans to businessmen.

Raising Keynes. Despite their over-ambitious planning schemes, the economists score more often than they stumble. For one thing, they know far more than their predecessors did. Many years ago, John Stuart Mill mastered every important economic tract at the age of 13, and Karl Marx absorbed the important books in only three years of part-time reading at the British Museum. But now the complex literature fills whole libraries. As the arbitrary art of politics has grown to embrace the inexact science of economics, the economists have learned to measure everything countable and discountable.

"Yesterday's economists were often wrong," says Alexander Cairncross, the prime economic adviser to the British government, "but there was seldom enough statistical material to prove them so at once." Statistics that once took months to compile are now served up in days, or sometimes minutes, by computers. Economists still stand in awe of the modern maestro, Britain's late John Maynard Keynes, whose doctrines of central planning and high public spending made him the darling of the New Deal. Some statesmen have declared that the modern world needs a new Keynes. Though no single economist today commands so much power, the fact is that economists collectively have far more influence than Keynes & Co. could ever have dreamed of.



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9:45 A.M.: Work is already under way. Steel panels are being erected. First electrical outlet is installed exactly where needed.

3:50 P.M.: Your new reception room and secretary's office are finished, in operation. And...when you need to rearrange office space again, the combination of movable steel wall panels on steel subfloors permits rapid relocation of your partitions in minimum time at least cost.

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CINEMA

Unadult Western

Mail Order Bride. This wistful little romantic comedy looks as though it would like to grow up and become a western. It has gunfights, cattle rustlers, painted women and a smoke-filled gambling hall, but all the roaring wickedness is dedicated wholeheartedly to the proposition that a feller (Keir Dullea) needs a girl (Lois Nettleton). Cupid's leathery old handmaiden is Buddy Ebsen, a family friend who holds the deed to a decrepit ranch left to Dullea by his late father, though Dullea can't claim it until he simmers down some. One morning Ebsen strides out of the privy with a Monkey Ward order book and begins thumbing through the catalogued commodities: wagons, wheat seed, whitewash . . . wives! Off he goes to Kansas City to fetch home for Dullea a scrubbed young widow and her small son.

Despite the predictable foolishness of a plot that further synopsis would condemn, *Bride* is an amiable feather-weight entertainment, mostly because its cast has buoyant appeal. Masquerading as the frontier wilderness of Montana circa 1890, California's High Sierra country fills the wide screen with some breathtaking acreage that no TV oat opera can duplicate. Actor Ebsen seems an authentic embodiment of covered-wagon grit. And though Dullea's had boy characterization scarcely conceals that he is easily redeemable—a sort of hoor next door—his warm, fresh, quietly persuasive scenes with Actress Nettleton recall his vivid debut in *David and Lisa*, and enhance both actors' reputations as a pair of arresting young talents for whom better movies ought to be made.

Union Blue Comedy

Advance to the Rear. Since any departure from formula comedy seems worthy, a slapstick farce about the Civil War perhaps deserves a nod for trying a different attack. This frolic manages, however, to be unremittingly fast, flip, energetic, and for the most



STEVENS & FORD IN "REAR"
In *Company Q*, a bunch of boobs.



DULLEA & NETTLETON IN "BRIDE"
In *Monkey Ward*, a wife.

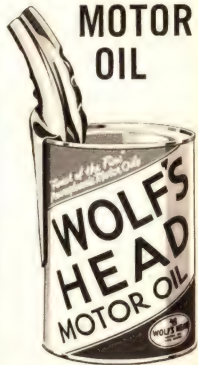
part humorless. Based on a sober historical novel by Jack Schaefer (*Shane*), the movie attempts to spark laughs by logging the misadventures of Company Q, a detachment of Yankee misfits led by inept Colonel Melvyn Douglas and his wry-smiling lieutenant, Glenn Ford. The boobs under their command include a firebug, a flagpole sitter, a kleptomaniac, a skittish soldier afflicted with an untimely burp, and assorted psychopaths.

Enroute to Fort Hooker, an outpost "so far west they'll never be heard from again," the lads in Union Blue board a river boat where they reconnoiter a contingent of bawds house-mothered by Joan Blondell and infiltrated by Stella Stevens, a Confederate spy. As an anti-hero of such indolent disposition that he lets a lady in distress fend off a villain singlehandedly, Ford appears bemused when he should be amusing. Douglas looks plain uncomfortable, and well he might. He gets caught under collapsing tents, heads a sandy downhill charge sitting on skis made from barrel staves, finally leads his men—all wearing nothing but droopy long underwear—in a rampageous free-for-all with renegades who are trying to highjack a shipment of Union gold. Bringing the Civil War era to life in Mack Sennett style calls for a tricky blend of taste and ingenuity that few have tried since Buster Keaton's *The General*, a silent classic of 1926. In *Rear*, a whole platoon of actors work up a sweat doing the funny business that one real comedian might have tripped through with ease.

A Mickey for the Muse

Bedtime Story is a witless, one-joke soporific concocted by a pair of usually wide-awake Hollywood pitchmen. This time out, Producer-Writer Stanley Shapiro (*Lover Come Back*, *That Touch of Mink*) and Co-Author Paul Henning have pitched a Mickey to the comic muse. *Story* unfolds against rear-projection views of the Riviera, where a bogus Highness (David Niven) and an ex-U.S. Army corporal (Marlon Brando) pool their resources to squeeze a living out of wealthy women such as Dody Goodman, an Omaha madcap just horn to be trimmed. The thieves

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activity does it include? Unfortunately, in too many schools, physical education programs are geared to the development of athletically-gifted students. Consequently, those who are not inclined to participate in team or competitive sports, do not get the physical conditioning they need. Find out if there's sufficient emphasis on this important phase of your child's education. And to help you evaluate the fitness program in your school, write for the free booklet offered by The President's Council on Physical Fitness, Washington 25, D. C.



Published as a public service in cooperation with The Advertising Council

fall out, of course, when they begin vying for the love and money of pretty Shirley Jones, whom they understandably mistake for a soap heiress.

Niven alone survives disaster by coasting through the film ever so lightly. Early on, before the first fissures appear, he issues a nimble challenge to his co-star: "Are you proposing to pit your crude animal instincts against intelligence, culture and breeding?" Unfortunately Brando answers yes, then lumbers on to demonstrate how a potentially great talent can petrify through miscasting and misuse. In one scene he attempts to seduce the mayor's daughter by performing a squalid striptease. Later, posing as a mentally defective prince, he gibbers like a traumatized gorilla and has to be spoon-fed. Then, pretending to be a crippled, self-pitying veteran, he exploits the comic possibilities of a wheelchair. Funny as a crutch. A few more stiffs like this one and Brando fan clubs will be flying their torn and faded T shirts at half-mast.

Dog Bites Wolf

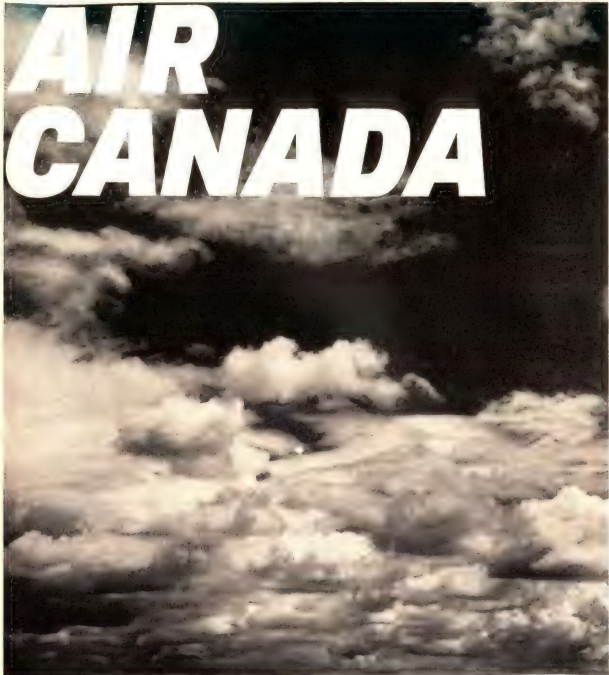
Wild and Wonderful, which is neither, is a comedy about a poodle so revoltingly cute he makes Tony Curtis seem almost natural. The poodle Cognac, it develops, is a pooch who likes hooch and loves his mistress (Christine Kaufmann) with doglike devotion. Tony is a wolf who hopes to appropriate the mistress. In real life he did: he married Actress Kaufmann while this movie was being made. On screen he has trouble with the watchdog, who 1) spills soup on his lap, 2) contrives to drop a piano on his head, 3) slips him a knockout powder on his wedding night, and 4) fakes suicide to put him in the doghouse. In the end, of course, man beats dog, but only because the scriptwriter is biased in favor of people. After all, he's human—or is he?

Never mind. *Wild and Wonderful* may mean misery for the customers but it probably means happiness for the newlyweds. If their love survived this picture, it can survive anything.



TONY CURTIS & COGNAC in "WONDERFUL" In the doghouse, a fake suicide.

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AIR CANADA

BOOKS

Big Ones, Out of Season

Despite the evident fact that most people have birthdays at about the same rate they have Christmases, publishers hesitate to issue expensive, elaborate books except in the jolly season, when the expense is less important than the solution of what to give Aunt Lucy. Those that do come out in other seasons must offer unusual promise. Among spring and summer's most unusual and promising:

MICHELANGELO THE PAINTER by Valerio Mariani. 151 pages, 86 color plates. Kimberly Dormann. For properly patriotic Italians, 1964 is the 400th anniversary not of the birth of Shakespeare but of the death of Michelangelo. The resulting commemorative volume, casually displayed on anyone's espresso table, is guaranteed to take the prize this summer—though perhaps only for price (\$125) and awkwardness (14 in. by 11 in. by 3 in., weighing 11 lbs.). The text is learned, dull and clumsily translated. What almost justifies the outrageous price is the color plates, which display every surviving work that Michelangelo painted, including each panel and major figure in his ceiling frescoes and *Last Judgment* from the Sistine Chapel. The reproduction is generally good, though a trifle hard-edged; the color, for the most part, avoids the unnatural keying-up that afflicts so many art books.

NEW YORK by Andreas Feininger and Kate Simon. 159 pages. Viking. \$10. **NEW YORK, PEOPLE AND PLACES** by Victor Laredo and Percy Seitlin. 192 pages. Reinhold. \$12.50. As if to prove that New York is not to be reduced,

despite the slogan, to a mere summer festival, a clutch of recently issued picture-and-commentary books have tried to capture the year-round look and feel of the city as its passionate fans know it. These two are the best. Laredo's photos are particularly good at capturing architecture, and the accompanying essays are casual and urbane. But for many readers Feininger's camera may prove more authoritative, his selection of subjects more inclusive, and the commentary by Kate Simon a shade more knowledgeable.

A MILITARY HISTORY AND ATLAS OF THE NAPOLEONIC WARS by Brigadier General Vincent Esposito and Colonel John Robert Elling. Unpaginated. Praeger. \$19.95. At the heart of this volume are 169 maps, 9 in. by 12 in., originally prepared for use at West Point. The maps begin with "Europe in 1795," end at "Waterloo Campaign: Situation 29 June 1815," and cover every campaign and battle in between. They are entrancingly peppered with red and blue bars, arrows, boxes, dots, circles, cross-hatchings, and ominous notes like: "The Kamenski shown here is not the general of that name on Map 70." Facing each map is a dense page of breathless prose: "Part of the Russian first and second lines now toughly reformed and began firing wildly to the rear; Murat's leading divisions seemed hopelessly trapped. Instead, the cavalry of the Guard burst forward." Or: "On 11 October, Bernadotte halted short of Munich in a cloud of alarmist reports." If passages are inadvertently funny, the book is nonetheless a bugle blast to bring every armchair general snapping to wild-eyed attention.

SAILING FOR AMERICA'S CUP by Everett B. Morris; photographs by Morris Rosenfeld. 216 pages. Harper & Row. \$10. That gimcrackery old silver ever with all the curlicues and the hole in the bottom is, to yachtsmen, the most beautiful prize the heart can yearn for, and

the sailing races to win it have produced some of the loveliest pictures in sport. America's Cup is to be contested once again this September, as good an excuse as any for this book of lucid text and short photographs, many in color. The text roams all the way back to the original two-masted *America* and forward to the design, handling and match tactics of the 12-meters that will be trying out all this summer.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN edited by Leonard W. Labaree. 351 pages. Yale. \$12.50. Where so many fancy books are long on pictures and short on readable reading matter, this one is superbly the reverse. The type is handsome, the production pleasant, but what counts here is the text: the first thoroughly edited and adequately annotated version of Franklin's memoirs faithful in every word to Franklin's holograph. The scholarship is by the Yale editors who are also issuing Franklin's *Papers*, and they wear their learning lightly. They have thrown out the tamperings and heavy dignifications of previous versions to restore Franklin's natural power and breeziness of expression—one standard edition has "I was not a little surprised, and Keimer stared with astonishment." Franklin actually wrote "Keimer star'd like a Pig poison'd." The result is like cleaning away the grime and cracked varnish of generations to discover unsuspected sparkle in an old master.

IMAGES OF WAR by Robert Capa. 175 pages. Grossman. \$15. "From my angle war was like an aging actress: more and more dangerous and less and less photogenic." Robert Capa once wrote. Yet War Photographer Capa pursued his hated harried longer and more closely than anyone else. He was under fire in Spain in 1936-37, China in 1938. Britain during the blitz in 1941. North Africa in 1942. Italy in 1943. He was with the first assault wave in Normandy in 1944, with the Maquis in Paris at the liberation, with the Israelis in Palestine in 1948, with the garrison of Dienbienphu. All those battlefields, in

FEININGER: CEMETERY IN QUEENS



ROSENFELD: "GRETLE" ON A STARBOARD TACK
Birthdays come as often as Christmas.



CAPA: LIBERATION IN PARIS (DETAIL)
War was like an aging actress.

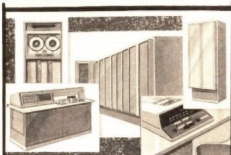
his gritty photos (many for LIFE), are here. Also here are the people, both soldiers and noncombatants, whose faces he increasingly relied on to tell the horrors of war. Finally, on a road in North Viet Nam in 1954, the old lady turned on him; Capa was killed by a Viet Minh antipersonnel mine.

THE JAPANESE HOUSE by Heinrich Engel. 495 pages. Charles E. Tuttle, \$27.50. In an almost-unheard-of warning at the start of this volume, the publishers throw up their hands and admit that "at one time we urged that, in the interest of greater clarity, the manuscript be completely rewritten." The author's refusal has resulted in a book that is remarkably difficult in subject and style. It is redeemed by hundreds of photographs and drawings which add up to the most vital presentation yet made of the tradition of Japanese housing. Engel's total immersion in everything Japanese has also given him a compelling vision of the ceremonious grace of Japan's everyday living that has produced the architecture. It is this vision that he struggles to express. Often, despite his publisher's fears, he succeeds.

THE NILE by Eliot Elisofon. 292 pages. Viking, \$17.50. From the cloud-capped equatorial glaciers where the headwaters gather, to the soaking flatlands of the steamy delta, to the eternal past of the Pharaohs to the eternal present of the fellahin—Elisofon has photographed the Nile complete, and accompanies his pictures with his own extensive text. Sphinxes, water buffaloes, pyramids, dhows, tombs and King Tut—the obvious subjects have rarely been better done. What stand out, though, are the more personal shots of the teeming life along the river's green thread: the herd of zebras thundering away near Lake Victoria, the camel and the little boy resting together by a campsite.



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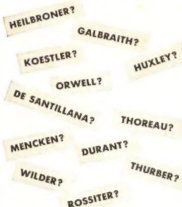
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The Small, Clever Tongue

TWO NOVELS by Brigid Brophy. 253 pages. World, \$4.95.

The falsest of truisms is that art is communication, as Novelist Brigid Brophy demonstrates with this admirably wicked little book.

Her writing suggests the play of a sleek, recently fed and slightly bored cat. The performance is brilliant, but the reader cannot feel that it is for his



BRIGID BROPHY

Edging desire past resolve.

benefit: the glossy limbs would be stretched, the back arched and the bit of string stalked across the expanse of carpet even if there were no onlookers to watch.

Author Brophy, 35, is a classics professor at Oxford. She has earned respect for her catlike talents before this—not so much for her two previous novels (*Flesh*, Hackenseller's Ape) as for her corrosive book reviews in English periodicals. ("The way Henry Miller demonstrates he is an habitué of Europe is to hark at the price of everything, including sexual intercourse.")

Stretched Memory. As *The Snow Ball* (first and longer of the two short novels in this book) opens, Anna is in confused flight from a black-masked man who kissed her; and what she tries to remember is this: has Don Giovanni raped Donna Anna as the opera begins or has he merely tried to do so? It seems terribly important to Anna, costumed inevitably as Donna Anna for this masked ball in 20th century London, that she puzzle out whether Mozart's soprano is telling the truth. The libretto seems to offer no clue. Possibly the music? The costume ball roars in her ears. Is she herself really running from the man masked as Don Giovanni, or trying to find him? In hot confusion she retreats to the dressing table of her hostess and redoes her makeup.

It may be that there is not another author writing English who could make

a male reader watch so raptly as Anna smears herself with cold cream. It is a small talent, not to be made too much of, but in operation it is uncanny. The onlooker is fascinated as Brophy's small, clever tongue darts out and strokes, as it were, a bit of fur into place. And with the same fascination, the reader watches as Anna begins idly to look for her masked Don Giovanni, then searches more intently, finds him, leaves for a rendezvous with him, then returns to the ball.

Press of Flesh. The intensity persists because Author Brophy herself watches with such wonder, as if it were all new—the press of flesh against cloth, the edging of desire past resolve. She stares at it solemnly and sets it all down. Every bad writer who ever described a large party has used a wave and ocean metaphor; Author Brophy uses it, and it is brilliantly fresh because it is no metaphor: it is her wondering realization that the party is swept by waves.

The second of the novellas, *The Finishing Touch*, is quicker and more prankish, a joke the author tells herself about the unsuspected versatility of a lesbian schoolmistress. But the catty quality continues. A little uneasily, the reader admires the feline arabesques and muses, as one does of parlor cats, about the damage Brigid Brophy could accomplish if she grew to jungle size.

Real People Are Dull

WHAT TIME COLLECTS by James T. Farrell. 421 pages. Doubleday, \$5.95.

"And, with pitiless banality, time passed." So writes James T. Farrell on page 399 of his 18th novel, accurately describing the way time has passed for his characters, and for the reader, in the preceding 398 pages. Banality is what Farrell's novel is about, and it is also the novel's sole literary device. The people of the book are joyless, hateless, empty of good or evil, fleshy machines that transmit at the audible level the prattle of Babbitt and, octaves above, the silent scream of tedium. The prose in which they are described is also joyless and hateless, empty of merit and of error, painfully boring. And it is obvious that this is intentional. Farrell's setting is St. Louis in the 1920s, and his method is to make his readers suffer at the same pace as his characters.

The Submen. In this willfully limited goal he is successful. The novel's desultory action occupies about two years, and reading about it provides the horrifying illusion of having spent that long with Farrell's submen. The reader's reaction is likely to be exasperation.

The central figures are Anne Duncan, a waitress and technically a virgin, and Zeke Daniels, the braggartly buffoon who marries her. There are assorted relatives: Anne has a weak, churchy mother, Zeke a managing mother and a popinjay father who struts in Klan robes. They are presented in a protracted series of flashbacks leading from

the marriage of Anne and Zeke. The flashbacks do not resolve down to a nub of meaning but are centrifugal, leading away from meaning into the thinning reaches of an infinity of pointlessness. Conversations take place but nothing is said. Eventually the book stops, Farrell having shown to his own satisfaction, not how Anne and Zeke got that way, but "this is how it was."

No Diversion. To show how things are, with nothing subtracted for propriety or added for spice, is the sole aim of naturalism, the earnest flat-footed literary school of which Farrell has been perhaps the most determinedly flat-footed U.S. member. His career, beginning with his wildly successful *Studs Lonigan* trilogy, has been ruled by the naturalistic writers' obsessive need to prove, over and over again, that life is not art. It is a lesson that occasionally needs teaching, and Farrell and such hesitant early experimenters as William Dean Howells cleared away a good deal of literary rubbish by writing the way they did. But merely taking the farthest possible position from romanticism is not a way to arrive at a philosophy of writing. Each of these polar views is too limiting. In a romantic novel, the hero always wins when he rolls the dice; in a Farrell novel, he always craps out.

Farrell says insistently that most people are dreary, not fascinating, and the reader imagines Farrell saying "I'm not going to divert you from the important truth of dullness by presenting my dull people in an entertaining way. I'm going to be as dull as possible about it."

So Farrell has been saying for 40 years. No one pays much attention any more, but there is courage in his wrong-headedness, and obviously he's going to go on saying it.



JAMES T. FARRELL

A silent scream of tedium.



Even the bouquet is steel

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